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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK.)

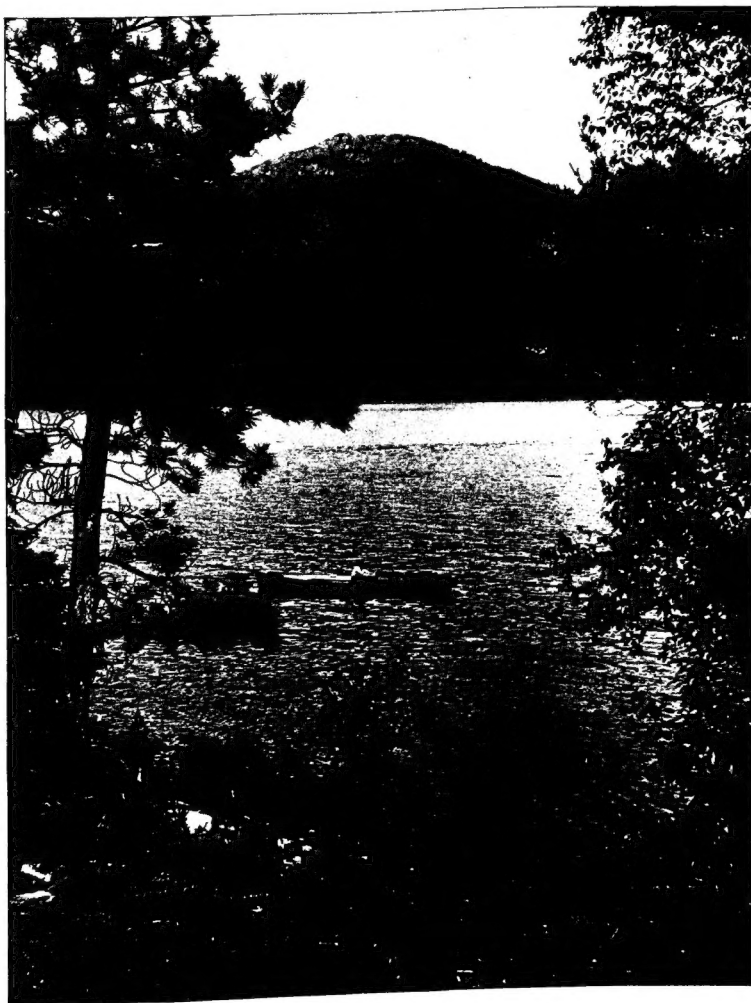
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(REGISTERED.)

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OWL'S HEAD, FROM ROUND ISLAND, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

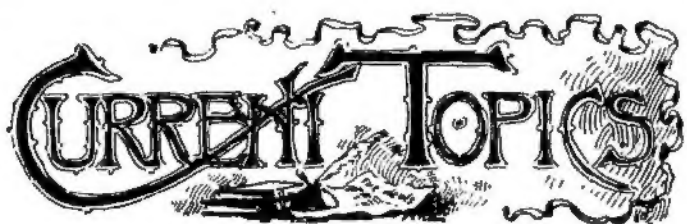
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In the North-West Territories much good is expected to follow the opening of the Regina, Long Lake and Saskatchewan Railway, the first sod of which was turned a short time ago. The central place in the ceremony fell to Mrs. Dewdney, and the North-West capital made the occasion a gala day. By the new line direct communication is afforded between Regina, and thus the whole outside world, and the North Saskatchewan country. The region in question is acknowledged to be one of the most richly favoured parts of the Dominion, and now that access to the interior is promised at a near day, the settlements which have anticipated the railway (no small recommendation) are sure to be enlarged and multiplied. The enterprise now initiated with such promise of success was originally projected some years ago when some twenty miles of the road were graded and equipped. The work has now been assumed by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and its completion as far as Prince Albert—a distance of about 240 miles—by the fall of next year is confidently looked for.

Strong language is not always a sign of strength, nor, as a rule, are those whose prejudices are appealed to by untimely tirades against authority, deceived by such shows of zeal. No earthly institution is absolutely perfect either in theory or working. It is equally true that the finest theories are not always the most successful in operation. Our own Constitution is a compromise, and as for that feature in it that has recently been assailed in (as it seems to us) an uncalled for and unreasonable manner, its best defence is that it saves us waste of time and money and energy. Let any one compare a Presidential election among our neighbours with the noiseless transfer of the reins of power from one Canadian Governor to another, and he must confess that the latter system has certain advantages, from the standpoint of common sense and the public weal, in which the other is lacking. What a futile or mischievous outlay of money—into the destination of which it would not be safe to inquire too closely—what wrangling and bitterness, what disappointment to millions of citizens, does it not prevent! Putting the matter, therefore, on the lowest ground—that of frugality—the remarks of a delegate at the Labour Convention were as weak in argument as they were unseemly in tone.

There is certainly a very appreciable difference between fivepence an hour and sixpence an hour, and, doubtless, the London dock labourers had some justification for asking the increase or the great bulk of the other metropolitan workingmen

would not have committed themselves to their cause. It is the course of these latter, nevertheless, that has caused most surprise. As far as they were concerned themselves, the thousands engaged in other occupations who, by joining the dockmen in their strike, made it virtually invincible, had no reason to complain. Either, therefore, they were fighting for a principle or they were yielding to a force which they were individually or even as distinct organizations, unable to resist. The character of the influence that made those thinking myriads act as one man is one of which authority and capital must hereafter take account. That those who, having no grievance, left their work, thus causing untold loss and inconvenience to millions and affecting the well-being of persons at the ends of the earth, were acting illegally, seems to have been forgotten in the extent and variety of the interests at stake. As to the moral wrong, the leaders doubtless think that it is justified by the end in view. But, perhaps, the greatest injury is that which is inflicted on the families of many of the strikers. It has been often remarked that, whoever might immediately or remotely be the gainers, the strikers themselves rarely profited by a strike. The suffering in the present instance must be such that no future advantage can atone for it. But the order must be obeyed, though children drop with hunger.

The fact that men like Cardinal Manning, Bishop Temple, and the Lord Mayor have been mediating between the employers and the strikers suggests the advisability of some permanent board of arbitration for the settlement of labour difficulties without resort to strikes. Such a board, to be of any avail, must, of course, have the confidence of both classes. It is admitted that no strike can last for any time without causing suffering, inconvenience and loss, and ultimately the settlement arrived at is generally a compromise. It would surely be better if negotiations preceded, instead of following the resort to the most desperate of remedies. Every repetition of this kind of industrial war evokes a wonderful display of wisdom from philanthropists, economic experts and advocates of the rights of labour. Why could not all concerned have the benefit of this wisdom before the war had been declared, instead of in the hour of battle? If arbitration were the first instead of the last thing thought of, it would save labourers, employers and the community at large a great deal of avoidable misery.

Our neighbours sometimes boast that in Alaska they have the richest gold mine in the world—the famous Treadwell Mine, on Douglas Island. Dr. George Dawson, F.G.S., assistant director of the Geological Survey of Canada, read a paper before our Royal Society in May last, which has appeared in the *American Geologist*, and is now printed, with a paper of Mr. Frank D. Adams, read before the same society and published in the same periodical, on the ore deposit of the Treadwell Mine. Dr. Dawson examined the mine (with Mr. Treadwell's permission) while on his way to the Yukon District in the autumn of 1887. The ore he found to be a nearly homogeneous crystalline mass, of medium grain, pale grey in colour, evidently consisting chiefly of quartz and white feldspar, with a little calcite and specked throughout with small cubical crystals of iron pyrites. The deposit (a clue to the nature of which is afforded by the occurrence of certain granitoid kernels) represents,

he thinks, the upper portion or "feather edge" of a granitic intrusion (contemporaneous probably with the granites of the Coast Ranges), which, owing to peculiar conditions, has become decomposed and silicified by solfataric or hydrothermal action, to which the concentration of gold in it and the deposition of pyrites are also due. Mr. Adams, formerly of the Survey, who has been appointed Lecturer on Geology in McGill University, treats of the microscopical character of the ore, and throws additional light on the nature of the deposit. His conclusion is that the ore of the Treadwell Mine is a granite (of the hornblende class probably), much crushed, altered and impregnated with secondary quartz, calcite and pyrite—in the last of which the gold largely occurs in a free state.

The author of "New America" wrote more than twenty years ago some words which were not wanting in foresight. After taking a general survey of "Uncle Sam's Estate," he went on to say that "on this fine estate of land and water dwells a strange variety of races. No society in Europe can pretend to such wide contrasts in the type, in the colour, as are here observable; for while in France, in Germany, in England, we are all white men, deriving our blood and lineage from a common Aryan stock, and having in our habits, languages and creeds, a certain bond of brotherhood, our friends in these United States, in addition to such pale varieties as the Saxon and Celt, the Swabian and the Gaul, have also the Sioux, the Negro and the Tartar. . . . White man, black man, red man, yellow man, each has a custom of his own to follow, a genius of his own to prove, a conscience of his own to respect; custom which is not of kin, genius which is largely different and conscience which is fiercely hostile."

Between the ruling white and each of these races of colour, there have from time to time been sharp conflicts. Between aggressive, grasping white and wild, untamed Indian, there has been war, with intervals of truce more or less prolonged, for nearly three centuries. The rivalry between white and Asiatic quickly reached an acute stage and the stronger naturally triumphed. The relations between them at present are those of armed peace. The negro problem is more difficult to solve. If the red men and the yellow men are myriads, the black men are millions—millions competing, not merely for the white man's labour, but for the mastery—they who a generation ago were slaves. The Civil War broke down the barrier between bond and free and established the principle, as the supreme law of the land, that neither colour nor previous condition of servitude should avail to withhold or impair the citizen's right to vote.

What has been the effect of freedom and the franchise on the intellectual, moral and industrial development of the Southern black? The replies to this question are variously significant. While some maintain that the negro is unfitted for any class of work save that of the plantation—the original *raison d'être* of his enforced presence in the New World—and that in skilled labour as in business and professional life, he is a lamentable failure; there are others who consider him the equal of the Northern, and the superior of the Southern, white, and who cite statistics in proof of their assertion. According to the *Tradesman of Chattanooga* (Tenn.), as quoted in the *Canadian Manufacturer*, persons who have for years

been employing the negro in their factories, pronounce him, for common labour, more efficient and useful than his white rival, and give him credit for the desire and effort to improve and consequent progress in skilled work. Doubtless the coloured men whose merits these employers recognize are the picked men of their race and class. It is, nevertheless, noteworthy that of 9,000 coloured workmen engaged in 300 Southern factories of all kinds, no less than 2,500 were skilled, while the remainder gave general satisfaction. It appears, moreover, that in the matter of wages, the negroes receive the same pay as the whites for the same class of work.

But the fact (if we admit it as proved) that the negro is the equal of the white on his own industrial ground, is more likely to embitter than to mitigate the conflict of race. The utterances that provoked the recent agitation rather go to show that, just in proportion as the brighter and more aspiring negroes of the South become conscious of their superiority to the degraded and worthless class of whites—the "trash" created and fostered by the old dispensation, with its sharply drawn lines, the struggle between the rival races will become more fierce, the jealous hatred more deadly and the task of the peacemaker less hopeful. Rumour is wont to exaggerate, and the situation may be less grave than we have been led to believe. But that a critical hour is approaching it is impossible to ignore.

The recent meeting at Toronto of the American Association for the Advancement of Science seems to have been in every way successful. The 199 papers read covered every department of science from the calculation of the sun's age to the cooking of a beefsteak, on which Mr. Atkinson, the economist, had some useful suggestions to make. There were in all 424 members and associates present, and 201 new members and 72 Fellows were elected. The success of the meeting was largely due to the efforts of Sir Daniel Wilson, Dr. Goldwin Smith, Prof. Carmichael, the Hon. G. W. Ross and other Toronto members who did all in their power to make the visitors feel at home. Canadian hospitality was at its best. The entertainments provided included a largely attended garden party on the lawn of the Government House, and excursions to Niagara Falls and the Muskoka Lakes and Sudbury. Professor Mendenhall and the other officers of the Association expressed the utmost satisfaction with the manner in which the preparations for the meeting had been made and carried out. A lady, who preferred that her name should not be published, gave Professor Putnam, the Permanent Secretary, \$500 as a contribution towards the Association funds for the prosecution of scientific research.

Another meeting, which is likely to grow fruitful in many ways, was the Merchants' Convention that met recently at Hamilton. The address of the chairman, Mr. Knox, and the papers which followed, dealt with almost every subject of interest to the mercantile community. "The changed conditions of business," "Bankrupt stocks and long credits," "Selling goods without a profit," "Insurance," "Unjust compromise," "Pedlars," "The egg and butter trade," "The evils of the credit system," were among the topics that gave rise to most earnest discussion. The most important result of the Convention was the creation of a permanent organized body, to be known as the Business Men's Association of Ontario. The objects of this organization are to encourage

well directed enterprise; to promote a high standard of commercial integrity; to bring about co-operation whenever necessary, as in opposing injustice or securing fair concessions; to endeavour to minimize the injury to trade from sales of bankrupt stock and to make the pedlar assume his share of the merchant's burdens.

The Toronto *Merchant*, in commenting on the Convention, points out that of the 730 delegates, the majority consisted of retailers, and notes the soreness exhibited towards wholesalers by some of the speakers at the Convention, especially when discussing combinations and bankrupt stocks. The *Merchant* is, however, pleased to record that so tangible a result has been reached as the formation of a central organization with the object of minimizing the evils complained of. At the same time it points out that, in the United States, where such associations have existed for years, the success of the central or state organizations depends very largely on the vigorous working of local associations. It urges the merchants of Ontario, therefore, to set to work at once in the creation of local bodies, calling upon active business men in Toronto to take the lead.

HAMILTON CITY.

A wholesome rivalry has of late been inspiring the cities both of old and new Canada to add to their attractions while promoting their industrial and commercial importance. In such a race of progress Hamilton was not likely to be last. The name which it earned long ago is unasked testimony to the public spirit and enterprise of its inhabitants. The late carnival has made an impression on those who witnessed it that will carry the evidence of their many-sided energy, their hospitality and good taste to all parts of the Dominion and even beyond its borders. Few towns are, indeed, more favourably situated for the simultaneous development of manufactures, trade and intellectual life. Its site at the western extremity of Lake Ontario is one of the happiest that could be selected. The eminence in its rear—so interesting to the student of the geologic past—contributes not a little to its natural charms and affords a commanding view of a scene which for varied beauty has no superior in our fair country. In the beginning of the present century all that splendid panorama of cultivated land that stretches away for miles and miles in the background was a dense, virtually unbroken, forest. Before the tide of immigration that followed the peace of 1815 had set in, the nucleus of the future city had begun to take shape. Fifteen years later the hamlet had grown to a thriving town, and in 1833 a municipality was organized. The population at that time was about 2,500. Before ten years it was over 7,000. In 1851 it had grown to 14,112; in 1861 it was nearly 20,000, and to-day it cannot be far from 50,000.

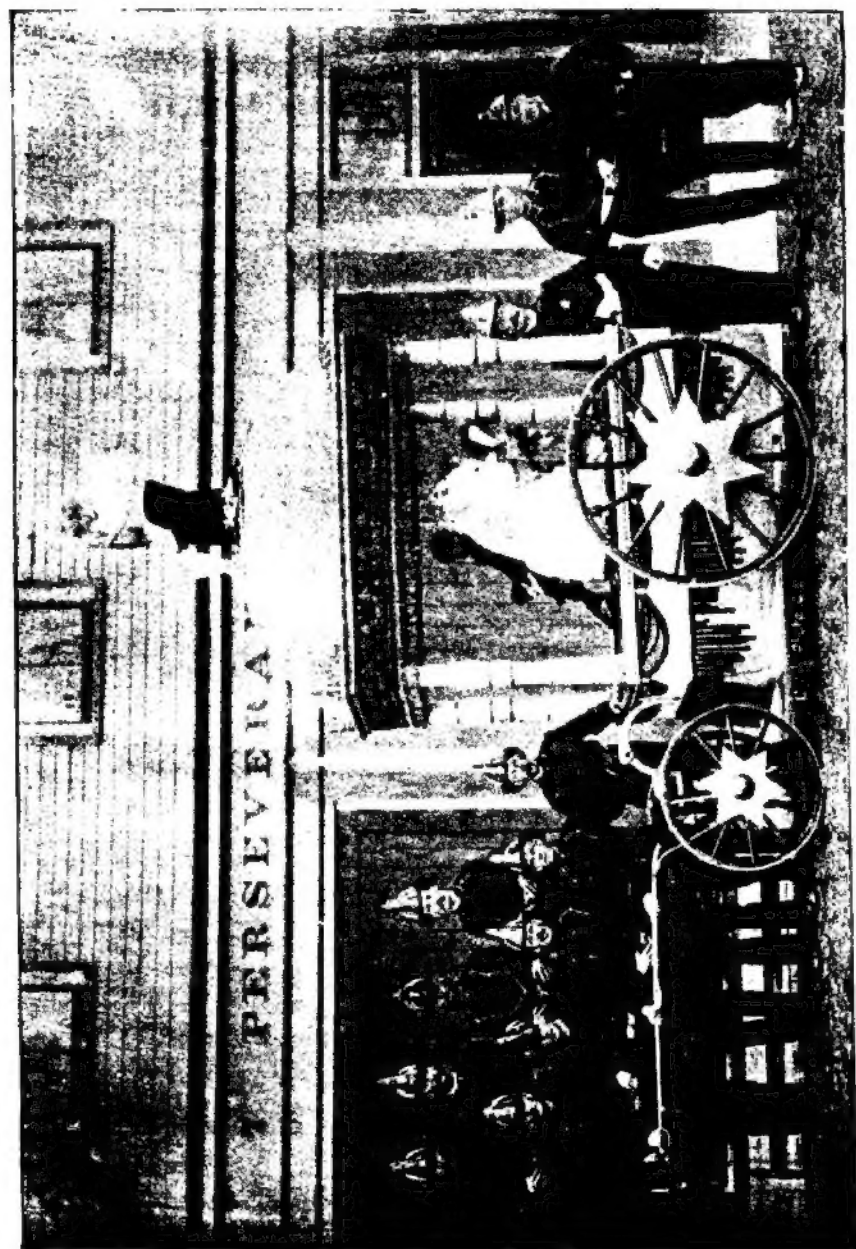
That Hamilton is a handsome city it is needless to remind our readers. Its public buildings, banks, schools, churches, and centres of charitable and other institutions are all worthy of its reputation. Its position fits it admirably for trade. It is the centre of one of the most productive agricultural districts in the world. The cereals, vegetables and fruits that may be seen in the Hamilton market are the best advertisement that Canada can show to the curious visitor from Europe. The profusion in which the finest apples, cherries, plums, pears, peaches, and even grapes are raised by the farmers around is extraordinary. For nearly two full gen-

erations the city has had ample railway and steamboat communication with the rest of Canada and the United States and thus with the whole world. Since 1845 its merchants have been organized as a Board of Trade, and now Hamilton has had the honour of creating a new thing in Ontario—a Business Men's Association. The trade of the city has increased of late years very remarkably, and its manufacturing interests have kept pace with its commerce. Indeed, the factories of Hamilton are among the most extensive, well managed, varied and productive in the Dominion, to whose industrial reputation they have greatly added in the chief centres of the United Kingdom and in some of the other colonies. They comprise textile, iron, machinery and various other branches. The sewing machines of Hamilton are famous all over the world.

Intellectually, socially and religiously, Hamilton is behind none of the sister cities which, combined, constitute so large a share of the moral strength of the Dominion. In educational facilities it has always been well provided and has always had the vigorous and hearty co-operation of able and generous-hearted citizens. In the work of philanthropy and charity it is abreast of the best efforts of our enlightened age. On the whole, there are few cities where life can be more pleasantly or profitably spent, or that will more richly repay a visit. This is the universal verdict of all who had an opportunity of seeing Hamilton lately in her gala dress. The carnival, according to the Toronto *Merchant*, "furnished abundant evidences of what Hamilton can do when she puts her best foot forward." Those who missed it, according to the same authority, "missed one of the finest optical, intellectual and social feasts of a lifetime." Even the Torontonian who visited Hamilton during that lustrous season was constrained to slay and bury all old jealousies and "to feel a neighbourly pride in the display of wealth and enterprise, to say nothing of the exemplary hospitality of its citizens."

THE MOUND BUILDERS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

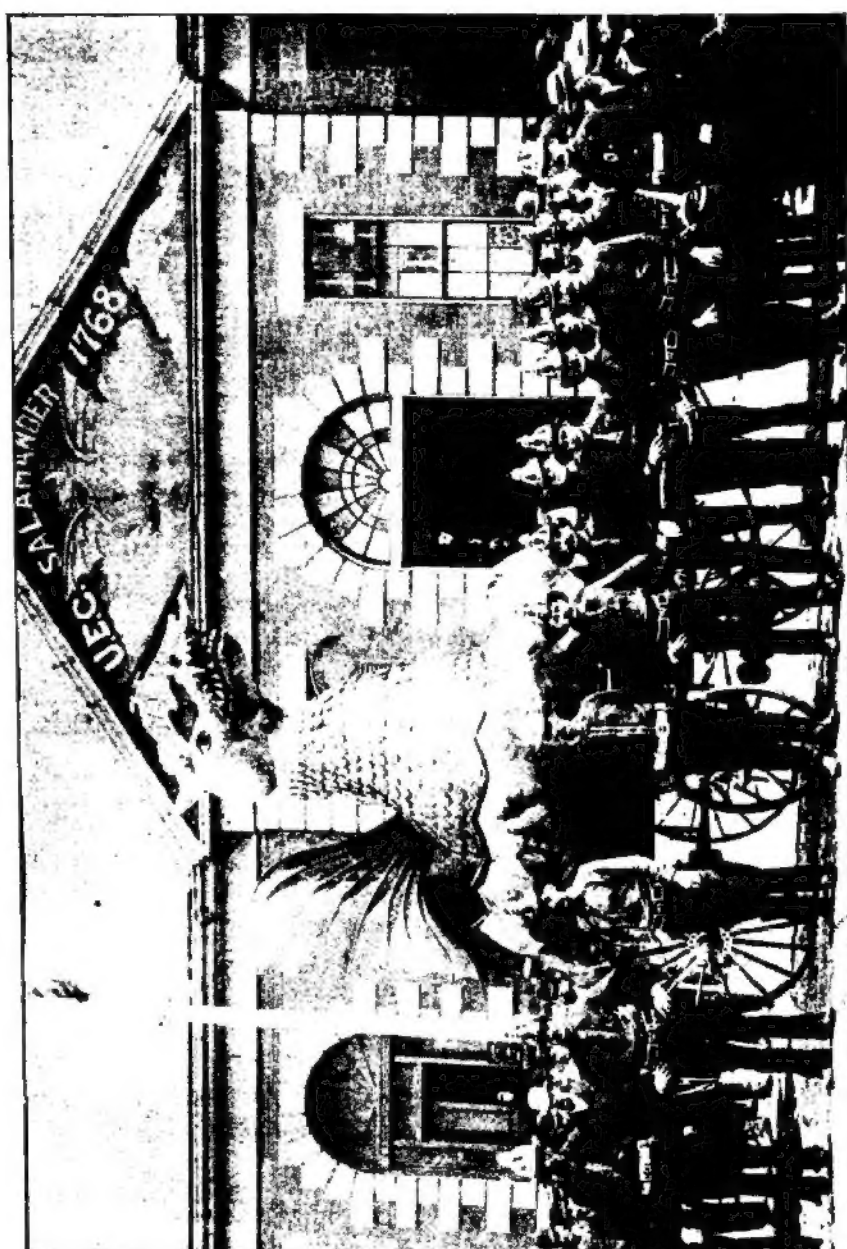
Among papers of interest to Canadians, read at the recent Toronto meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, that of Professor Bryce on the Mound Region of Manitoba deserves special attention. The subject is one on which many volumes have been written by United States archaeologists. It is incidentally discussed by Sir Daniel Wilson in his "Prehistoric Man." The great valley region of the Missouri, Mississippi and Ohio rivers abounds in these relics of a race that has passed away. Such remains are also found in Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota, but until comparatively recently nothing was done to ascertain whether they existed in our own northern country. To the Winnipeg Historical Society belongs the honour of having initiated mound exploration in the Canadian North-West, and the results of the inquiries, conducted mainly under Dr. Bryce's supervision, have been in many ways remarkable. The mounds, Dr. Bryce informs us, have been met with mainly on the Rainy, Red and Souris rivers, and, apart from their peculiar character, are noteworthy as being the most northerly of such finds that research has as yet disclosed. In a previous paper read before the society already mentioned, Dr. Bryce described the Manitoban mound as a "very much flattened cone or rounded hillock of earth." From the circumstance



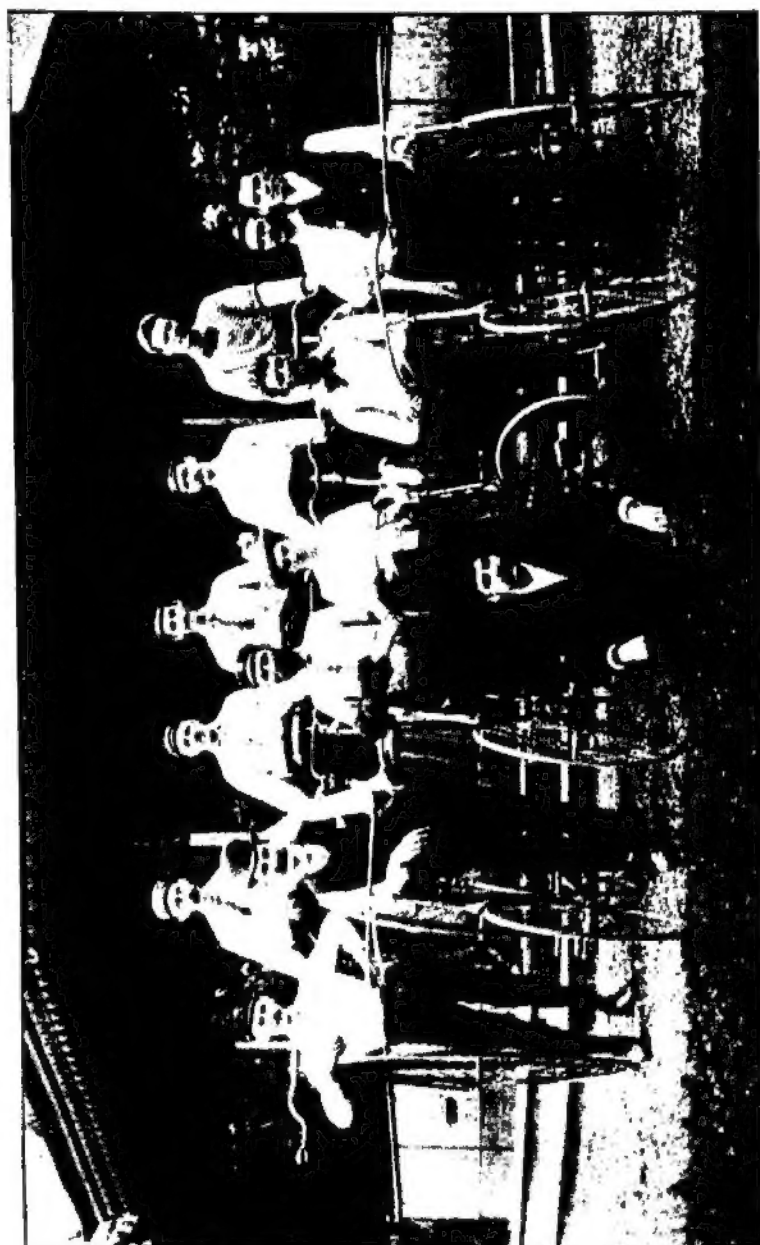
1. Hose Reel No. 7, representing Cupid.



2. Prize Reel No. 6, King of the Carnival.



3. Reel Salamander in Character, Officers and men.



4. Ramblers' Bicycle Club.

HALIFAX DURING CARNIVAL WEEK.

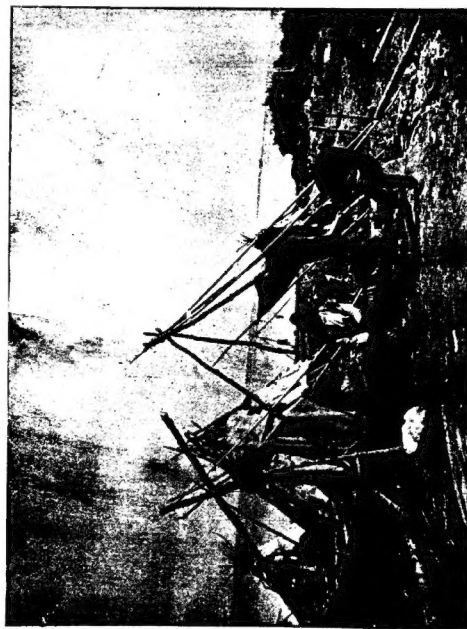


INDIAN ENCAMPMENTS, LAKE MANITOBA.



SAUTEAUX INDIANS, FROM UPPER ASSINIBOINE RESERVE.

From photos. by J. B. Tyrrell, R.A., F.G.S.



that these elevations generally occur in a fertile section of country, he concludes that the builders were an agricultural people. They are also seen not far from fishing grounds and, as a rule, on strategic points in the district—mostly on prominent headlands. In form they are oval or circular. They vary in height from six to fifty feet, and from sixty to a hundred and thirty in diameter.

In the Rainy river section Dr. Bryce counted twenty-one mounds. These he comprises in the same category with the Red river mounds, as there is easy natural communication between the two localities. He calls the far northern mound-builders Takawgamis. What is known as the Grand Mound is situated about twenty miles from the head of Rainy river, where a dense forest covers the river bank. It is fifty yards from the water's edge, and, on first being perceived, is calculated to strike the spectator with surprise. It is elliptical at the base—the largest diameter being a hundred and seventeen feet, while the shorter is ninety feet and the circumference three hundred and twenty-five feet. Its highest point is forty-five feet from the ground. It thus comes into comparison with the famous mound of Miamisburg, Ohio, which is sixty-eight feet high and eight hundred and fifty-two at the base. When opened this mound revealed contents that showed it to be the sacred place of some family or sept. A skull found in it appeared, on collation with Sir Daniel Wilson's standards, to be (though not so distinctly as a skull from a Red river mound) of brachycephalic type. Near the skull were two pieces of metallic ore—one of arsenical iron pyrites. The implements showed that the race to which the dead belonged had not yet completely emerged from the haziness of the age of stone. The presence of copper, however, in the shape of a knife and a needle or drill, suggested connection with the prehistoric miners of Lake Superior. An unbroken earthenware cup was the most interesting of the utensils discovered in the Grand Mound.

The age of the mounds and the identity of the race that erected them are points on which conjecture has been busy. Just now it may suffice to give Dr. Bryce's conclusions. His theory is that they occupied the region of the Rainy and Red rivers from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries. This would make the oldest of the mounds to date not farther back than 800 years, while the most recent must have been finished more than 400 years ago. This computation would also furnish a probable date for the extermination of the Hochelagans and Eries, who, with the Takawgamis, were among the last survivors of the great Toltec stock. These investigations, inaugurated by Prof. Bryce and his earnest fellow-inquirers of the Winnipeg Historical Society, give an additional interest to the study of North-West development, combining the romance of science with the romance of adventure and colonization.

"Lake Lyrics," by W. W. Campbell, which was reviewed in this journal some time ago, can be obtained from Mr. E. Picken or from Messrs. W. Foster Brown & Co., of this city.

W. Hamilton Gibson has a paper in the *Century* entitled "Night Witchery," picturing the impressions made in the darkness by nature on other senses than sight. The illustrations are in Mr. Gibson's most effective manner.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, who has written seventy-nine stories and novels, and earned over \$100,000 by her pen, thinks she might have aided mankind in general far more by writing some sweet ballad without charge.

Douglas Sladen, the Australian poet, intends to write a poem founded on the Loyalist immigration to New Brunswick. Mr. Sladen's poem will be, in some measure, based on the idea of Evangeline, but will be much shorter.



OWL'S HEAD, FROM ROUND ISLAND, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.—Those who have had the pleasure of visiting Lake Memphremagog will remember the feelings of admiration called forth at the first sight of Owl's Head rising so majestically from the side of the lake. One of the finest views of it is to be obtained from the opposite shore, near the pretty village of Georgeville. The climb to the top of Owl's Head is steep and difficult, but one is well repaid for the trouble by the magnificent view obtained from the summit.

HALIFAX DURING CARNIVAL TIME—THE FIREMEN.—We present our readers with some characteristic reminiscences of the late gala season at Nova Scotia's capital. Those which have to do with the fire companies' share in the celebration, will be found of peculiar interest. The King of the Carnival, the Salamander and Perseverance (the last especially) show considerable ingenuity of invention and taste in execution. The symbolic figures and the surrounding groups are fine illustrations of the grace and vigour of our Maritime friends.

HALIFAX IN CARNIVAL TIME—THE RAMBLER'S BICYCLE CLUB.—The Knights of the Winged Wheel seem to be as vigorous and enthusiastic in the city by the sea as they are in the far central regions of *terra firma*. The "Ramblers" have evidently invited their visiting friends to "sit" with them, by the way of variety after the delights of revolution. We discern in the goodly company wheelers not only from various parts of Nova Scotia, but also from beyond its confines, and even from "the other side." Still more welcome is the modest, graceful figure that seems to fit in so naturally in the midst of the stalwart wheelmen.

Sunt quos pulverem
Collegisse juvat; metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis.

Yes, it is pleasant to raise a dust without coming to grief—but still more pleasant to leave the dust and din behind and to sweep in joyous company through scenes of beauty—a chase of health and strength and good humour, with other prizes still in the ever nearing distance.

SAUTEAUX INDIANS.—The Sautaux Indians of Manitoba are some of the remains of the Great Algonquin nation, which at one time spread over British America and a great portion of the United States. The language spoken by them varies somewhat according to the several communities in different localities, but is generally understood by them all, being derived from one parent stock, so that a person understanding the Sautaux or Cree language could travel over the greater portions of British America and the North-western States of the Union without serious inconvenience, so far as making himself understood was concerned. Those living along the great inland lakes pursue the peaceful avocations of hunting, fishing and trapping, while those living on the borders of the vast prairies indulged in the more risky pastime of hair-lifting and horse-stealing from their fellow-nomads of these limitless regions, a diversion frequently attended with fatal results to themselves. Since the advent of the Mounted Police and the disappearance of the buffalo, they have, perforce, been obliged to adopt the more profitable but, to them, less congenial, occupation of tilling the soil. Settled on their respective reserves, they have, in many instances, developed into practical and successful farmers, and their nomadic propensities are fast yielding to the more elevating and profitable habits of settled life. The transition has not, indeed, been unaccompanied with hard struggles, as any one who is acquainted with Indian character knows the disdain and contempt with which the proud brave regards labour, looking upon it as being only fit for squaws. With the example of the enterprising white man before him, surrounding himself with comfort as the result of his labour, the Indian is not slow to profit thereby and now watches, with as much care and anxiety as does his white brother, the changes of the atmosphere that will either crown his labour with success or doom it to failure. The bounty which he receives annually from the Government is not now frittered away in haubles, but is devoted to increasing the comfort of his family and stocking his farm. Strange as it may appear, the Indian of the Lakes has not applied himself with the same zeal to the adoption of civilized habits as has his brother of the prairies. But the explanation lies in the fact that to the former is as accessible as ever the source of supply in the lakes and forests. In his birch bark canoe, he has the means of locomotion and the change so delightful to him, and in summer he generally works from one place to another, staying longest where fish (which is his staple article of food) is most abundant. Supplied by the birch tree with both house and boat, supplemented with his annuity from the Government, which procures him the requisites for fishing and hunting, the necessity for the adoption of civilized labour as a means of existence has not forced itself on him so forcibly as it has done in the case of the prairie Indian. Hence the difference in their adaptability to settled habits of living.—J. N.

THE HON. JUDGE W. W. LYNCH, D.C.L.—We have the pleasure of presenting our readers with a portrait of this popular public man, whose appointment to the position of Judge of the Superior Court of the Province of Quebec has been hailed with satisfaction by the entire community without regard to race, creed or politics. William Warren

Lynch, who has been for over twenty years engaged in political life, was born in Bedford in 1845, and is thus in the prime of vigour and usefulness. He first entered the Legislature in 1871, and though only twenty-seven years old, was soon recognized as one of the leaders of the Conservative party. His judgment, candour, freedom from prejudice and genial manners won him the respect of both friends and foes, and by the former he was implicitly trusted as a safe guide in seasons of difficulty. His former constituency (Brome) twice elected him by acclamation, and in five contests gave him large majorities. On the formation of the Chapeau Government in October, 1879, Mr. Lynch was accepted as a fit person to represent the interests of the Protestant minority, and he was admitted to the Cabinet as Solicitor-General, a post which he held till its abolition in July, 1882. He then assumed charge of the Department of Crown Lands, which he administered with his wonted ability and circumspection until the defeat of the Ross Government in January, 1887. Mr. Lynch has been a member of the Bar for more than twenty-one years. He is a graduate of McGill, having taken his B.C.L. and won the Elizabeth Torrance gold medal in 1868. He is also a D. C. L., *honoris causa*, of Lennoxville University, in which, as well as in his *alma mater*, he has always taken a deep interest. He has also concerned himself in common school education and has served on the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction. He has been a Queen's Counsel since 1880. As Judge Lynch's patriotic spirit, firmness and integrity have won him universal esteem in public life, so in social intercourse he is a favourite with all classes. He is sure to do credit to the Judicial Bench.

BOATSWAIN HAWKINS, OF THE U. S. REVENUE CUTTER RUSH.—It will be recalled that when Lieut. Tuttle, of the revenue cutter Rush, boarded Capt. Thomas's schooner, the Black Diamond, on the 11th of July, after taking away the seal skins and sealing implements, he left a seaman aboard with instructions to take the vessel to Sitka and deliver it up to the Customs officer at that place. Captain Thomas chose to disregard these instructions, and as the single representative of alien authority was powerless to resist, he had no choice but to accompany the captain on whatever course he chose to take. After a vain attempt to find the British men-of-war, under whose protection he would have placed himself and his crew, Captain Thomas, having spent some time in searching for sea-otter, made for Victoria, B.C., at which port he arrived on the 15th of August. His boarder and passenger, Boatswain Hawkins, after ineffectual remonstrance, submitted to his fate with good grace, and his portrait, taken after his arrival at Victoria, does not bear much evidence of harsh treatment. He is a fine manly looking, handsome fellow, whose appearance does credit to the service to which he belongs, and we can only regret that he was not engaged in a better cause.

THE BLACK DIAMOND.—Our readers will be glad to see in the present number an engraving of this now famous schooner, whose experiences have been the theme of so much discussion. The sealing industry in British Columbia is of comparatively recent date. Until 1866 it was confined to the West Coast Indians, and during the ensuing twelve years only a few vessels ventured northward. In 1878-9 the Victoria sealing fleet consisted of only four schooners. Among those that were added to it in 1882-3 was the Black Diamond. In 1886 the Carolina, Onward and Thornton were seized by a United States revenue cutter and taken to Ounalaska, and the officers were sentenced to heavy fines and imprisoned for various terms, and their vessels were not restored till the British minister at Washington had to interfere. The treatment meted out to them was, indeed, a violation of all the principles of justice and international law. In the spring of the present year the fleet had increased to twenty-four schooners, and, as the United States revenue authorities threatened to seize any vessels sealing in Behring's Sea, repeated appeals were made for protection or for such a settlement of the question as would enable the persons engaged in the industry to pursue their calling without apprehension. But nothing was done, and the result was a repetition of the outrages of previous years. The adventurous career of the Black Diamond, which drew the world's attention to the anomalous state of things consequent on our neighbours persisting in their unfounded claims, has already been described in our columns. She is a craft of 82 tons, and for the last seven years has been one of the most successful of the Pacific sealing fleet. Besides the twenty-four British vessels, there are said to have been from thirty to forty ships of other nations engaged in the hunt of the seal and sea-otter during the season.

WIDENING OF ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET—TEARING DOWN THE BUILDINGS ON THE WEST SIDE.—This picture marks a new stage in the growth and improvement of Montreal. Persons are still living who can recall the time when two-thirds of the present area of the city were made up of fields, orchards, villas and farms. The view of the General Hospital in *Hochelaga Depicta* shows a distinctly rural scene between Dorchester and Craig streets. The St. Lawrence Main street is, however, one of the oldest exits from the city, and has for many generations back been identified with its history. It is essentially a business street, and when the widening and improvements are complete, will be one of the handsomest thoroughfares in Montreal.

SKETCHES OF THE NATIONAL GAME—MONTREALS VS. OTTAWAS.—Although, if we credit certain old writers, such as Père Lafitau, lacrosse is one of the most ancient of all games, its record as now played and as the recognized national game of the Canadian people, can be traced back



A work which, from its character and the high reputation of those who are editorially associated with it, as well as from the style in which it is being brought out, is sure to be prized by dramatic students, is now in course of publication by the Toronto firm of Messrs. The Henry Irving Shakespeare. The full title is as follows: "The Works of William Shakespeare, Edited by Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall, with Notes and Introductions to Each Play by F. A. Marshall and other Shakespearean Scholars, and Numerous Illustrations by Gordon Browne." In his Preface, Mr. F. A. Marshall writes: "The guiding principle, which has been kept in view throughout, is the treatment of Shakespeare's work as that of a dramatist, whose plays were intended not to be read as practical exercises, but to be represented by living men and women before a general audience." Then, after pointing out that, in accordance with this principle, the work will contain more explicit stage directions than any other modern edition—such directions, however (the text itself being generally the best guide), being less numerous than one might expect. Mr. Marshall explains, in some detail, the distinctive features of the annotations. It being borne in mind that the words have to be spoken, not read, "no alteration of the text has been made without considering the requirements not only of the sense and metre, but also of what may be called the dramatic rhythm, that is to say, the rhythm which the sentiment or passion of the words may require in order to be spoken with due dramatic effect. If it were not so, it is always possible, the passages to be omitted on the stage being clearly indicated in the complete text, to prepare from it an acting version. It will serve equally well for purposes of study and for reading aloud, whether in public or in private. The introduction to each play is threefold—dealing with literary history, with stage history and with criticism. Foot-notes have been added for the convenience of the ordinary reader. Dyce's third edition has, in the main, been the model for the text. The early quartos have been used to check the First Folio, and where neither authority is followed, the reason is always stated. A new feature is presented in the maps that illustrate the scenes of the plays. Mr. Marshall thankfully acknowledges the courteous help of Dr. Furnivall and the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillips in his critical labours.

Mr. Irving, in his introductory essay on "Shakespeare as a Playwright," deprecates the notion which some persons may entertain, that to look upon the poet in that light is a sort of profanation. Shakespeare, indeed, was not only a playwright; he "was one of the most practical dramatists that the world has ever seen. . . . It must not be thought that in claiming for him this quality one necessarily detracts, in the slightest degree, from his greater qualities as a poet. But surely the end of all plays is to be acted and not to be simply read in the study. It is no reproach against a dramatist, whose object is to produce plays, that he should prove himself a great playwright, for that is only equivalent to saying that he does his work well."

Although in his lifetime Shakespeare took pains to prevent his plays being published, lest their value for the stage might thus be diminished, Mr. Irving thinks that, had they not taken so well in the acting, many of them would probably not have come down to us. Their very popularity brought about just what their author dreaded. The tact with which Shakespeare selected the most effective incidents from old plays is clearly shown by comparing his work with the originals. His characters are wonderfully human in their virtues and their defects. Throughout he manifests the instinct of the true dramatist and commands the sympathy of the audience in every emotion or passion that he depicts. Mr. Irving deprecates the injury done to Shakespeare in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by the would-be improvers of the text. The comedies, especially, were subjected to reckless manipulation. Even under Betterton, the greatest actor in Great Britain for half a century, the strangest liberties were taken with Shakespeare's language. In recent times the stage has been the help of the sister arts. In music and painting, so as to become not merely a mirror of the passions, but also an art nursery where the earnest student may learn the costumes and decorations of past ages, with all their form and colour. The effectiveness of Shakespeare's dramatic works is enhanced rather than impaired by these accessions, provided always that the merely picturesque is made subordinate to the play. Mr. Irving protests against the theory (based on passages in the "Sonnet" 7) that Shakespeare disliked his calling as a playwright and deemed it a degrading necessity that forced him on the stage. No player who thought little of his art could have vindicated it as Shakespeare has done.

Of the value to the student of the notes of Mr. F. A. Marshall and other commentators we are inclined, from a hasty examination, to speak with favour. Certainly the student must be a learned Shakespearean on many points left obscure by previous critics. As to the fitness and beauty of Mr. Gordon Browne's illustrations there can be little question. It is the intention of the publishers to complete the work in eight volumes, of which five have already appeared. Each volume contains a fair variety of tragedy, comedy and

"history." The first, for instance, comprises "Love's Labour's Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Romeo and Juliet," and the first part of "King Henry V.," the fourth, "King Henry V.," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It," and "Twelfth Night." The English publishers of this important work are Messrs. Blackie & Son, of London, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin. The Canadian publishers (from whom full particulars may be obtained) are Messrs. J. E. H. Yant & Co., Toronto.

A work of more than ordinary interest to historical students, the number of whom in Canada is, we are glad to know, constantly increasing, is the "Narrative and Critical History of America, with bibliographical and descriptive essays on its historical sources and authorities," edited by Justin Winsor, LL.D., Librarian of Harvard University. The plan of the work, including the rich and varied illustrations—portraits, maps, famous battle scenes, etc.—is entirely new. The eight volumes of which it will consist—of which the closing one is now drawing to completion—cover the whole period from the earliest date at which any knowledge of the new world may have reached the old to the present generation. The first volume, treating of Aboriginal America, is substantially a library of archaeology. The critical essays on ancient geography, on Mexican and Peruvian civilization, on the origin and antiquity of man on this continent, etc., are of remarkable interest. The utmost pains have been taken to gather into the compass of this royal octavo volume all that is really noteworthy in the studies and researches of preceding historians and archaeologists. The second volume deals with the Spanish discoveries in America, Columbus and his successors, the naming of the new world, the search for El Dorado, Coronado's march, Magellan's great triumph. English discoveries and settlements form the subject of the third, those of France of the fourth volume. Both these—the latter especially—are exceptionally interesting to Canadian readers. In the fifth volume the best historians of the date write of the great struggle between the French and the English for the mastery of the North-west, the narrative being brought down to the peace of 1763. Volumes VI. and VII. are devoted to the events that followed the establishment of British rule—the Revolution and its results—the political and diplomatic history of the continent till the year 1850. The eighth and final volume will give the recent history of the British, Spanish and Portuguese colonies, now become, or becoming, independent States. An appendix, shedding additional light on several subjects dealt with in the body of the history, and an index to all the volumes, will close this great work. We hope, on a future occasion, to say something more of the leading characteristics of Mr. Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America," which, according to one of the ablest historical critics of our time, "masses the best results of four centuries of book-making." No more comprehensive work, both as to time and space—for it embraces the whole western hemisphere—has issued from the American press. We may say that Mr. Joseph McLean, who has charge of the sale in the Dominion, is now in Montreal, and will be glad to receive subscriptions. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.)

LITERARY NOTES.

A novel treating of Halifax society life by a leading belle of that city, is about to appear.

George Kennan will shortly cease his lectures and settle down to the preparation of his Siberian papers for book form.

Max O'Rell's book on America has penetrated into Denmark, and an edition in Danish will be published at Copenhagen.

The *Century* for September contains a graphic description of a hunger strike in a Siberian prison, by Mr. George Kennan, the well known writer on Siberian prisoners.

John G. Whittier has written, during his summer visit to Conway, a poem of considerable length, that will soon be published. It is a legend admirably adapted for illustration, and will make its first appearance in a New York publication, accompanied by engravings by the best American artists.

Martin Farquhar Tupper, the once famous author of "Proverbial Philosophy," is still alive. He lives in a handsome country house in England. He bears a striking resemblance to Longfellow in his old age. Tupper does not agree with his old school fellow, Gladstone, on the question of Home Rule.

"Two Daughters of One Race," by W. Hemburg, translated by Mrs. S. M. Lowrey, gives us a picture of German life in the time of the late Franco-German war. The two sisters are of different types, one equable and earnest, the other fascinating, selfish, and superficial. The story is, from its descriptions of German life and especially of German feeling during the war, of peculiar interest.

Andrew Lang writes the opening article in *Scribner's* number for September—a eulogy of Alexandre Dumas, "a word of gratitude and delight to the indomitable master." He mingles enthusiastic praise for Dumas' great romances with many anecdotes and descriptions of his vigorous personality. His desire in writing this essay is "that the young should read these romances, and learn frankness, kindness, generosity—should esteem the tender heart, and the gay, invincible wit; that the old should read them again, and find forgetfulness of trouble, and taste the anodyne of dreams." A fine portrait of Dumas accompanies this paper.

without much difficulty. To the Montreal Club, indeed, belongs the honour of winning for that supremacy of popularity which it has enjoyed for more than a quarter of a century. It is, indeed, nearly twice that period since the first modest club was started in this city. But it was not till the exhibition match of 1860 between picked teams of whites and Indians attracted public attention to the game that its merits began to be generally recognized. In 1867 the laws of the game were framed and published, and a convention held soon after led to the organization of the National Lacrosse Association of Canada. As the first white club of the Dominion, the Montreal has never lost the prestige that is the pioneer's due; and its appearance on the field is always an event that draws a large multitude of sight-seers. Of such events the match of the 17th ult., between the Montreals and Ottawas, was not the least noteworthy. That there were drawbacks to the self-complacency of both players and spectators did not prevent the occasion from being, on the whole, one of hearty enjoyment. One of the teams had to succumb to the superiority of its opponent and when the third game was over there was nothing left for the clearly doomed but to make the best fight they could. Every game afforded some capital samples of play, and there was ample opportunity for the student of pose and posture to use his pencil with effect. We present our readers with some reminiscences of the match which a "Rambling Sketcher" carried off the ground. "Facing," "Ready for Catch," "Throw," "Running with the Ball," "Scrimmage in front of Goal"—these are familiar terms to players and need no commentator. The candid lacrosse player can see for himself how happily our artist has seized upon the most critical situations. To both the Montreals and the Ottawas and the thousands who witnessed the struggle these rambling sketches will, we are sure, serve as a pleasant and suggestive souvenir.

SKETCHES AT THE MONTREAL BICYCLE RACES.—The open races of the Montreal Bicycle Club, which took place on the grounds of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association on the 24th of August, are still fresh in the minds of our fastest gatherings of wheelers ever held in Montreal. Among those present were Messrs. McIndoe, Van Wagoner, Guedinger, Fitch, Beaumont, Kyrie, Mussen, Lingham, Fane, etc., Prof. McLeod, Miss Creed, and many others who had official duties to discharge, were entered for races, and some of the races were finely contested. Among the prize winners in the most important races were Messrs. Van Wagoner, Lingham, Waldron, Leithead, McKenzie, Lane, Hannaford and Kingham. Our artist has sought out what was most picturesque on the course, and the result is before our readers.

THE ORANGE TREE.

Is there tree to match with thee,
Flower-fetted orange tree;
Gleaming with the snowy splendour
Of thy blossoms pure which render
Such an incense offering
As her priests did never bring,
In the day of ancient Hellas
To the altar of Queen Pallas?

Is there tree to match with thee,
Orange-laden orange tree;
With thy golden globes relieving
The green shimmer of thy leaves,
Leaving such as the dewy
When she fed the amorous look
Of the summer-god Apollo
In the famed Thessalian hollow?

Verily, O orange tree,
Tree there's none to match with thee;
Leaved in chill and sultry weather,
Hung with fruit and flowers together;
Well proportioned, smooth of bole,
Doubly perfect as a whole;
And with trunk, leaf and flower,
The most perfect of thy hour.

But it once was mine to see
Maiden, meet to match with thee;
With the pure heart in her bosom,
Sweet as is thine open blossom;
With her gentle mien and ways
As smooth as are thy leaves, her days
Well-proportioned and fruit-laden
As thy branches—a fair maiden.

And know thou, O orange tree!
Slee, whom I would match with thee
For the graces to her given,
Nestle a soft blue southern heaven,
As thou wert, was born to cheer
All men who should look on her;
And, like thee, God did not stint her
With a fruitless, a fæst winter.

And know thou, O orange tree!
Wherefore I match her with thee;
When her mind fruits not, it flowers,
And in some winter hours,
When to fruit or flower, both
Others are, it teems with both,
Shady, fragrant, nurture-giving,
When they show scant signs of living.

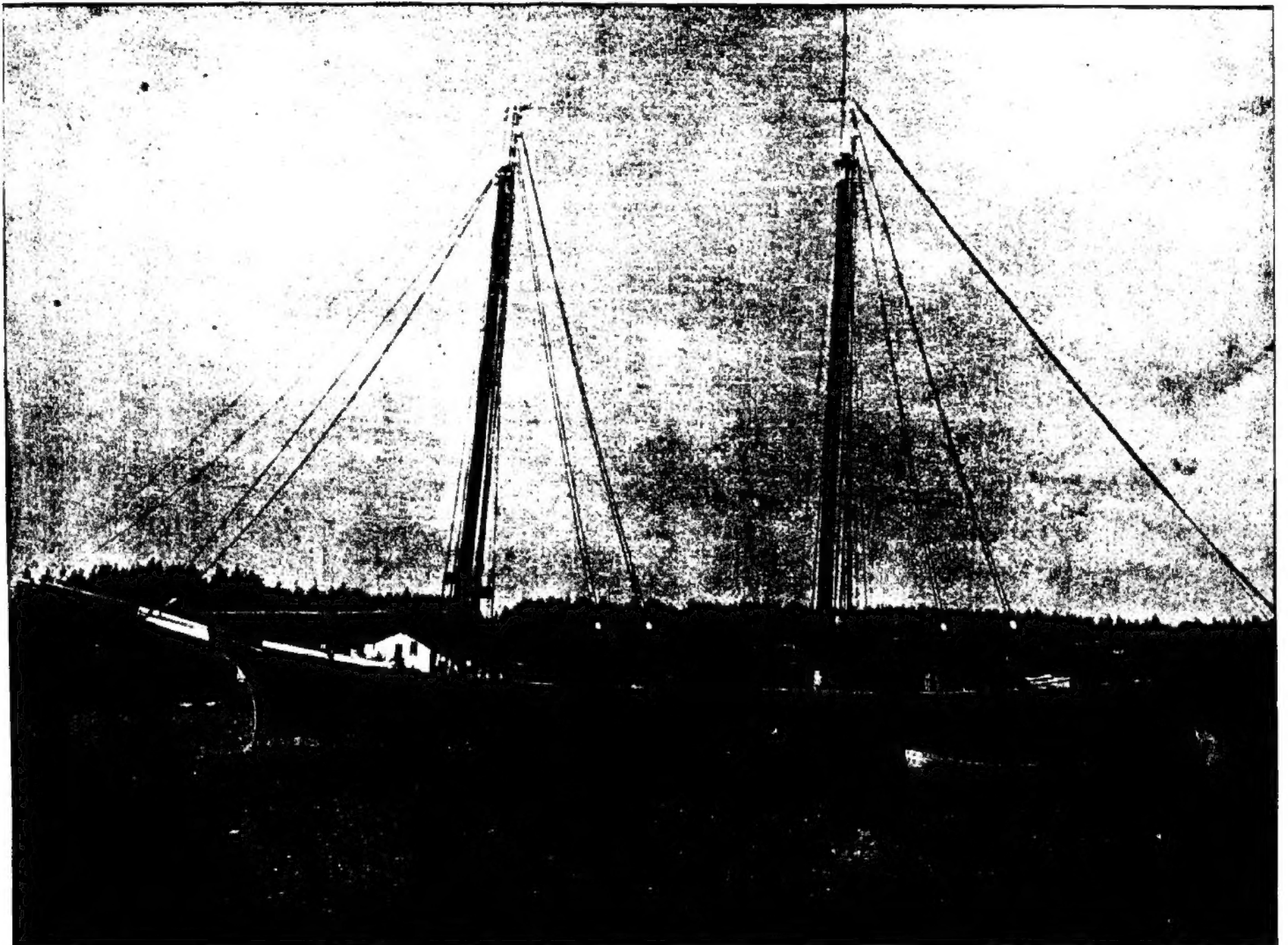
DOUGLAS SLADEN.



HON. JUDGE W. W. LYNCH, D.C.L.,
JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.
Wm. Notman & Son, photo.



BOATSWAIN HAWKINS,
THE PRIZE CREW OF THE "BLACK DIAMOND."
Jones Bros., photo., Victoria.

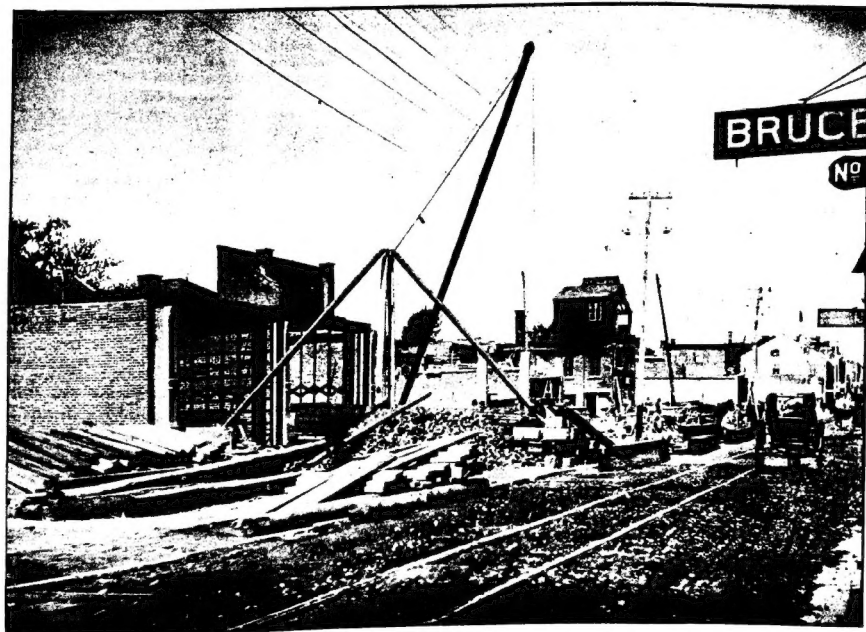


THE SEALING SCHOONER "BLACK DIAMOND."
From a photo. by Jones Bros., Victoria.



CONVENTION OF THE EXECUTIVE HEALTH OFFICERS OF ONTARIO, AT BROCKVILLE.

Murray & Co., photo.



MONTREAL IMPROVEMENTS—WIDENING ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET,
TEARING DOWN AND REBUILDING THE WEST SIDE.

Sleeping or Waking?

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES OF JOHN COATES.

BY W. S. HUMPHREYS.

III.

I aroused myself with a start, got up from my chair, paced once or twice across the room. I was wide awake now, and with my waking thoughts came a recurrence of the visions I had seen in my drowsy state.

What did it mean? I asked myself. The young girl, the railway train, the repulsive looking man, his efforts to entice the girl to leave the car, my interference, the clock at the depot. One by one the scenes returned to me, and the more I thought of them the conviction seemed to settle on my brain, until it became a certainty that these visions were sent as a warning to me.

But a warning of what? I had never seen the face of the young girl of my vision in my life. I had never seen the repulsive looking man. I expected nobody by the ten o'clock train. What then could it mean?

Then I glanced at the clock which was ticking merrily in my room. "A quarter to nine," I muttered; "no time to lose," and urged on by some unaccountable impulse, I threw off my comfortable dressing-gown, changed my easy slippers for walking boots, put on my outdoor garments, and issued forth from my cosy room into the night.

Still urged on by powers beyond my control, I hailed the first passing carriage, gave the carter hurried directions where to drive to, and was soon being whirled over the ground as swiftly as the horse could take me.

Along Sherbrooke street, down Mountain, along St. Catherine, down Guy, then along St. Joseph street, faster and faster flew the horse.

The excitement under which I laboured was entirely beyond my control. I was being urged on against my will—urged on by visions seen in a half-dreamy state.

Faster and faster went the horse, the keen night air seeming to infuse vigour into the noble beast. The driver, also, seemed to imbibe some of my excitement. He urged on his steed with shouts and encouraging words.

The houses were getting thinner and thinner, and the lights were growing dimmer and dimmer as we dashed past them at a rapid rate.

We were beyond the city limits on the Upper Lachine Road, passing farmhouse after farmhouse in our mad career.

But, hark! Is not that the sound of horse's hoofs in front of us?

I order the driver to stop for a moment, listen intently, and distinctly hear some vehicle rapidly driven, but very little in advance of us.

A thought strikes me. Can it be the carriage drawn by two horses I saw in my vision a short while ago?

The sounds I hear certainly proceed from more than one horse. I think rapidly and then direct the driver to urge on his horse, but not to overtake the vehicle in front.

Nearer and nearer we approach the vehicle in advance of us, and louder and louder grow the sounds of horses' hoofs on the hard ground.

I stand up in my carriage and peer into the darkness in front of me and faintly discern the outlines of a vehicle, and in the distance I faintly hear the voice of the driver urging on his flying steeds. Hurriedly whispering to my jehu to keep the carriage in front in sight, but not to approach any nearer to it, I resume my seat and quietly await developments.

Soon the noise of the carriage in advance ceases, and I order my own driver to draw up at the side of the road, when I alight.

In the distance I see two shadowy forms, evidently the inmate of the vehicle in advance of my own and the driver. The former seems to be giving directions to the latter, who returns to his carriage, while the other advances stealthily down the road.

Telling my man to await me till 10 o'clock, then, if I did not return, to go back to the city, I gave

him a handsome fare, and proceeded to follow in the footsteps of the man in advance, keeping well in the shadow of the hedge at the side of the road.

Soon I reached the railroad track and glanced up the road, fully expecting to see a figure in front of me. Nor was I disappointed. There, in the centre of the track, was a man in the act of striking a light. Soon it blazed up, and he applied it to a lantern he carried in his hand. He swung the lantern backwards and forwards once or twice. It was the "danger signal" I saw in my dream.

But, listen! Is not that distant rumble the sound of an approaching train?

From my hiding place at the side of the track I peer into the darkness ahead. I see a faint light gradually growing brighter and brighter—the headlight of a locomotive.

Then I look at the man standing in the middle of the track. He is frantically waving his lantern backwards and forwards, running up and down the track, shouting and gesticulating, and using every means in his power to stop the advancing train.

Hark! The signal has been seen; a shrill whistle breaks the stillness of the night. The train is slackening speed. It is almost at the crossing. The man with the lantern has disappeared. The train passes me slowly. It comes to a dead stop.

All is confusion. Train hands, with lanterns swinging, rush backwards and forwards, shouting loudly to know the cause of the sudden stoppage.

During the confusion I hurriedly approach the train and made my way to the Pullman car. I glance from one corner to the other through the windows and on a sight that does not surprise me in the least.

In her dainty little turban and sealskin sacque I see the fair maiden of my vision, and bending over her is the repulsive-visaged man, whose features were engraved in my memory. The maiden was in the act of rising, as if to follow the man from the car.

I rushed on to the platform just in time to see the man emerge from within. What impulse urged me on I know not, but, dealing the man a stunning blow, I hurled him from the car with such force as to land him in the hedge by the side of the track.

Then, still guided by impulse, I gently pushed back the maiden, who was following the man I had hurled from the car, but who had not seen the action, closed the door of the compartment, and jumped off the platform, just as the car once more started in motion.

I immediately sought for the man I had so forcibly ejected, but he was nowhere to be seen. Walking leisurely down the road, I once more heard the sound of horses' hoofs on the hard ground, together with the noise of a swiftly driven vehicle. I concluded that the man I had assailed had not been much hurt, and that he was driving back to town, and this surmise was verified when I reached my own carriage, the driver of which told me that he had put out the light in his carriage to prevent it being discovered by the other.

Telling my man to drive with all speed to Bonaventure Depot, I leaned back in my carriage and pondered deeply on the visions I had seen and their remarkable consequences.

Who the maiden was, or who the man, I could not tell. I had never seen either of them before to my knowledge, nor could I by any means account for my having been used as an instrument in the matter.

I had acted from the moment I had left my own house on impulse—an irresistible impulse which I could not withstand.

These and other like thoughts flashed through my brain as I was rapidly driven, first through the quiet country road, then into the more noisy city, till at last my driver drew up before the Bonaventure Depot.

Rapidly alighting, I entered the building and made enquiries as to what time the western train had arrived.

"The train was ten minutes late," replied the official. "A stoppage for some reason or other at the Blue Bonnets' crossing. It did not arrive till ten minutes past ten."

This was all I wanted to know. My last vision was verified.

Returning to my carriage, I bade the driver take me to my residence, which he did with all speed, but it was many hours before sleep would come to my eyelids that night.

IV.

On awakening the next morning, in the midst of a troubled dream, in which were mixed up beautiful maidens, villainous-looking men, flying carriages, and still more swiftly flying trains, almost my first thought was that I was to dine that day with Mr. Furze, my employer.

The hour set for the dinner was one o'clock, and I was requested to be punctual. Therefore, at a few minutes before the appointed time, I presented myself at the residence of Mr. Furze, on Sherbrooke street.

My employer received me very kindly, and ushered me into the drawing-room, where I received a warm welcome from his genial lady. Another lady rose up on my entry, and Mr. Furze, turning to me, said:

"Mr. Coates, permit me to introduce my niece, Miss Alice Furze. Alice, my dear, this is my junior partner, Mr. Coates."

I turned at his words and gave my first look at the lady standing beside her uncle, and I was thunderstruck.

I could not take my eyes off the face of the young lady (for she was young), although I could see that my gaze somewhat disconcerted her.

I stammered something, what I cannot tell, and tried to bow, but it was a sorry attempt, indeed, for my eyes wandered immediately back to the blushing countenance of the maiden.

And well, indeed, might I look, for the maiden standing before me was the same—I could swear to it—that I had seen in my vision the night before—the same maiden of whom I had caught a glimpse in the Pullman car—the same maiden whom I had gently pushed back and closed the door upon after I had hurled the man who would take her away from the platform of the car.

I tried as best I could to shake off my embarrassment. I tried to give answers to the commonplace remarks of my host, but it seemed utterly impossible for me to do so.

Mr. Furze at last took pity on me. He evidently thought that his niece's loveliness was the cause of my—to him—apparent absence of mind, and suggested that we adjourn to the library until dinner should be announced. I gladly accepted the invitation, and when we had reached this *sanctum sanctorum* of the old merchant, he said:

"Well, my boy, what do you think of my niece?"

"Why, sir," I replied, "I never before saw so beautiful a woman."

"So I should think from the way you stared at her," chuckled Mr. Furze. "It is easy to see that you are not used to ladies' society. You have stuck too closely to your desk these last few years. But I hope we shall soon be able to polish you up a little."

I bowed politely, the more to hide my confusion at the old gentleman's mistaken idea, and then said:

"I had no idea, Mr. Furze, that you had a niece. I have never met her in my previous visits to your house."

"No," he returned; "Alice has been stopping with some friends in Toronto since she finished her education, and only arrived from the west last night."

I gave another start at this, but my employer did not notice it, as he was glancing at a book on the table at the time.

But this was another corroboration—if corroboration were necessary—that the maiden of my vision and Miss Alice Furze were the same.

Before, however, I had time to put further questions, the dinner bell rang, and we returned to the drawing-room, when Mr. Furze requested me to conduct Miss Alice to the dining-room.

Following my host and hostess, I found that dinner had been laid but for four. Mr. Furze took the head of the table, Mrs. Furze the foot, while Miss Alice and myself sat facing one another.

My employer was in merry mood, and his little jests and bits of repartee were ably seconded by his worthy wife and Miss Alice; but as far as I was concerned, I could not shake off the feeling of pre-

occupation that had taken possession of me from the moment I had gazed on the features of Miss Furze.

No, during the whole meal, could I keep my eyes from wandering almost continually to her face, which seemed to embarrass her not a little, if I could judge from the blushes that mantled her cheeks whenever she caught my gaze fixed upon her. My kind host, still seeing my embarrassment, but mistaking the cause, kept up a regular flow of conversation, thus, to a great extent, making the dinner a success.

There was no sitting over the wine in that house. When the dinner was over we accompanied the ladies back to the drawing-room, and were just sitting down for a comfortable chat, when another visitor was announced:

"Joseph Austell."

"What does he want?" muttered Mr. Furze, in no amiable tone, as the stranger was ushered into the room.

Mr. Furze arose and stopped him half way with the words:

"Well, sir, what means this intrusion? I never thought you would have the audacity to enter this house again."

"I heard of the arrival of my cousin," answered the new-comer, "and I thought you would surely allow me to pay my respects to her."

While saying these words, he turned towards Miss Alice, who was seated by my side, and I caught the first glimpse of his face since he had entered the room.

But that glimpse was enough.

(To be continued.)

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(By MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGUE.)

THE SPRING OF 1888 IN THE EAST AND WEST—DOMINION DAY IS CELEBRATED BY AN EXPEDITION TO BANFF—THE WAPTA PASS FROM AN ENGINE—FIRST IMPRESSION OF THE BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL.

XI.

The second week in May, 1888, saw me again in the Pacific Province, where I found an earlier spring than I left in Ontario, whose northern districts showed no signs of vegetation, ice and snow lingering in frozen and sloppy masses along the Canadian Pacific Railway between North Bay and Port Arthur, whence to Winnipeg general desolation and dreariness naturally prevail during all seasons of the year. At the Manitoban metropolis a snow flurry was in active progress when our train arrived. Here passengers are turned out to explore the town for an hour while the Pullmans are thoroughly swept and garnished for the balance of their journey to the Pacific coast. An icy wind was blowing over the prairie as it always blows over the Northwest, either cold in winter or hot in summer, according to my passing experience, and I returned to the car thoroughly chilled, owing to the absence of such warm clothing as the temperature demanded. The further west we advanced from Winnipeg the more genial became the atmosphere, and twenty-four hours from that capital we rejoiced in balmy air, bright blue skies, soft brown earth, and, in the neighbourhood of Calgary, the green grass.

Through the mountains the deciduous trees were flushed with the tender green of budding foliage, and in the Columbia valley the ground was carpeted with violets and wild strawberries in luxuriant bloom. My summer was varied by various expeditions from Donald to different points of interest, whither the development of the country and of legal business drew us. Just six weeks after my advent it was proposed that a party of us should celebrate Dominion Day by an expedition to Banff, the then newly established mountain resort of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains in North-West territory. Greatly as the lowlander may admire the snow-capped heights that enclose most of the valleys of British Columbia, there is a certain sense of confinement associated with a limited horizon that makes one glad to escape over the encompassing ranges when the opportunity offers. Hence I

rejoiced not a little on the last day of June when our small company of six quitted Donald by the afternoon express and rolled along past Golden City, up the Kicking Horse to Field, where one of the Canadian Pacific Railway's picturesque meal stations and hotels lies snugly ensconced at the base of Mount Stephen, beside the green river so oddly named. When some one, adopting Western slang, said: "What's the matter with our having supper here?" out we all turned with one consent and filled a well appointed table, doing ample justice to a repast that, thanks to the ever provident and powerful company, provided a few more of the luxuries of life than Donald could boast.

I am far from being a bold or venturesome traveller, and feel no dormant desire for either cowcatchers or engines, so I do not understand what access of amiability induced me to comply with my husband's suggestion that I should mount upon the cab for the better enjoyment and appreciation of the scenery in the Wapta Pass. I did remonstrate feebly and protested that travelling was only endurable under the most favourable circumstances in the privacy and comfort of a Pullman. My objections were over-ruled; it was safe as a church (we were promenading the platform digesting our dainties), the engineer was an old acquaintance, etc., and in a minute I found myself in the cab, elevated on a high narrow seat, my feet well tucked up out of the stokers way, my head and shoulders on a level with the open window, through which I could insert them and hang half my body out if so inclined, after the manner of train-hands. I was on C. P. R. engine No. 147, run by Mr. Charles Carey, a typical engineer, level and clear-headed, as one could tell at a glance.

A short, sharp whistle, the familiar, long drawn-out "All a-b-a-d-d" and slowly, with snorts and puffs, the wheels began to revolve, and the engine was off up the big hill, by whose steep grade the Wapta Pass is surmounted, with a still larger one pushing the train behind. Carey's hand was on the lever, his eye fixed on the thin line of rail stretching away to the vanishing point, the stoker administered coal freely to the furnace and the momentous ascent began. Our iron horse reminded me curiously of the quadruped, with whose management I am most familiar; it seemed to bound along, responsive to the least pressure of the controlling hand, its great heart to throb, slow or fast, in sympathetic acknowledgment of human influence. Each engineer has his own particular engine, whose powers and capabilities he has gauged to a fraction, and they become, I am told, so attached to the mass of metal they direct and guide, which has borne them safely over mountain, valley and plain, that parting with them is always a sore trial when they begin to work the worse for wear and tear and are relegated to the comparative obscurity of the freight department. Nevertheless, I do not envy the engineer his career, though I believe it is a fascinating one to the individual man, who enjoys a most supreme confidence in his own management of his own machine. Fast we did not go at first. As the Wapta Pass, up the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, opened out ahead, with its perceptibly rising grade carved out of a wall of granite beside the rushing, foaming Kicking Horse River, which soon sank into a deep gorge many hundred feet below the level of the road, I saw, as we steamed along, a man with a white flag standing near the line, marking the first of the safety switches on the hill. His pennon indicated that the road beyond was clear. As we passed with a clang the switch flew open behind us to catch any car that, disconnected by a broken coupling, might run backwards down the steep incline. Two more men with white flags and rustling switches were swiftly negotiated, and the river began to rise again to our level and became a smaller volume of water in a narrow, stony bed. I breathed more freely past the region of precipices and rugged rocks, and clung less closely to my window frame.

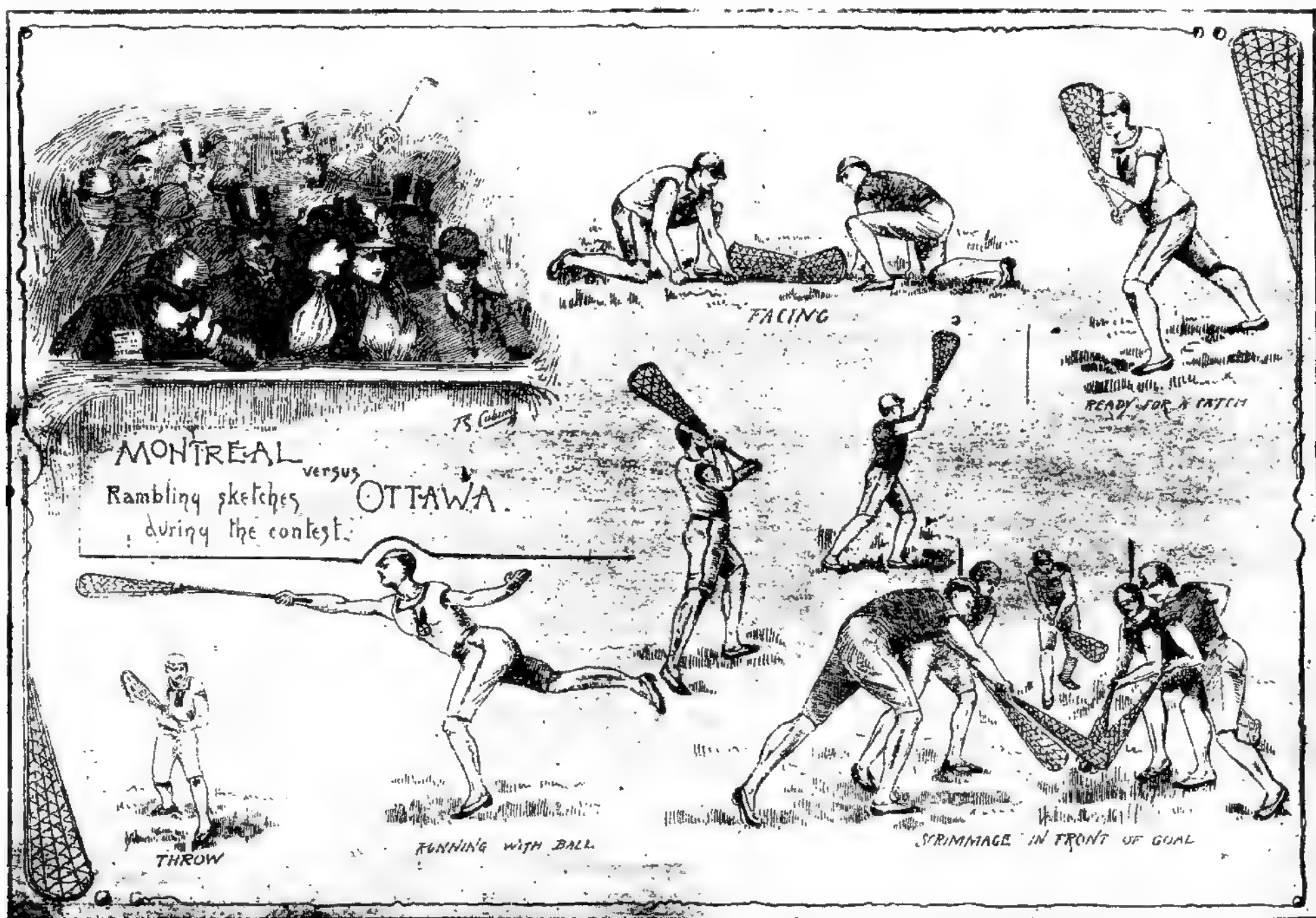
"Give it to her, Jim!" said Carey (an engine is always feminine), as we rushed into a level bit of road at the summit of the Rockies and flew by the stone mound and post that marks the watershed of the mountain and the boundary line between British Columbia and the North-West Territories.

Coal was supplied freely to the yawning gulf of flame almost below my feet, the lever was raised, and with a leap and a snort the engine answered to the call, and we simply raced along the road at a pace that nearly shook me off my seat. I managed to hold my peace, however, strongly as I felt disposed to shout to Carey to moderate his speed. A shrill whistle soon warned me that Laggan, the summit station, was approaching, the air brakes began to work, and in proper style, I was told, we rolled up to the platform, where I descended from my perch, feeling very stiff and cramped after my ride on No. 147 and very glad to retire to the luxury of the Pullman. I confess, with regret, that this is a very mild performance compared to the bold mounting of the attractive cowcatcher, and it must be kindly regarded merely as an experience, not an exploit.

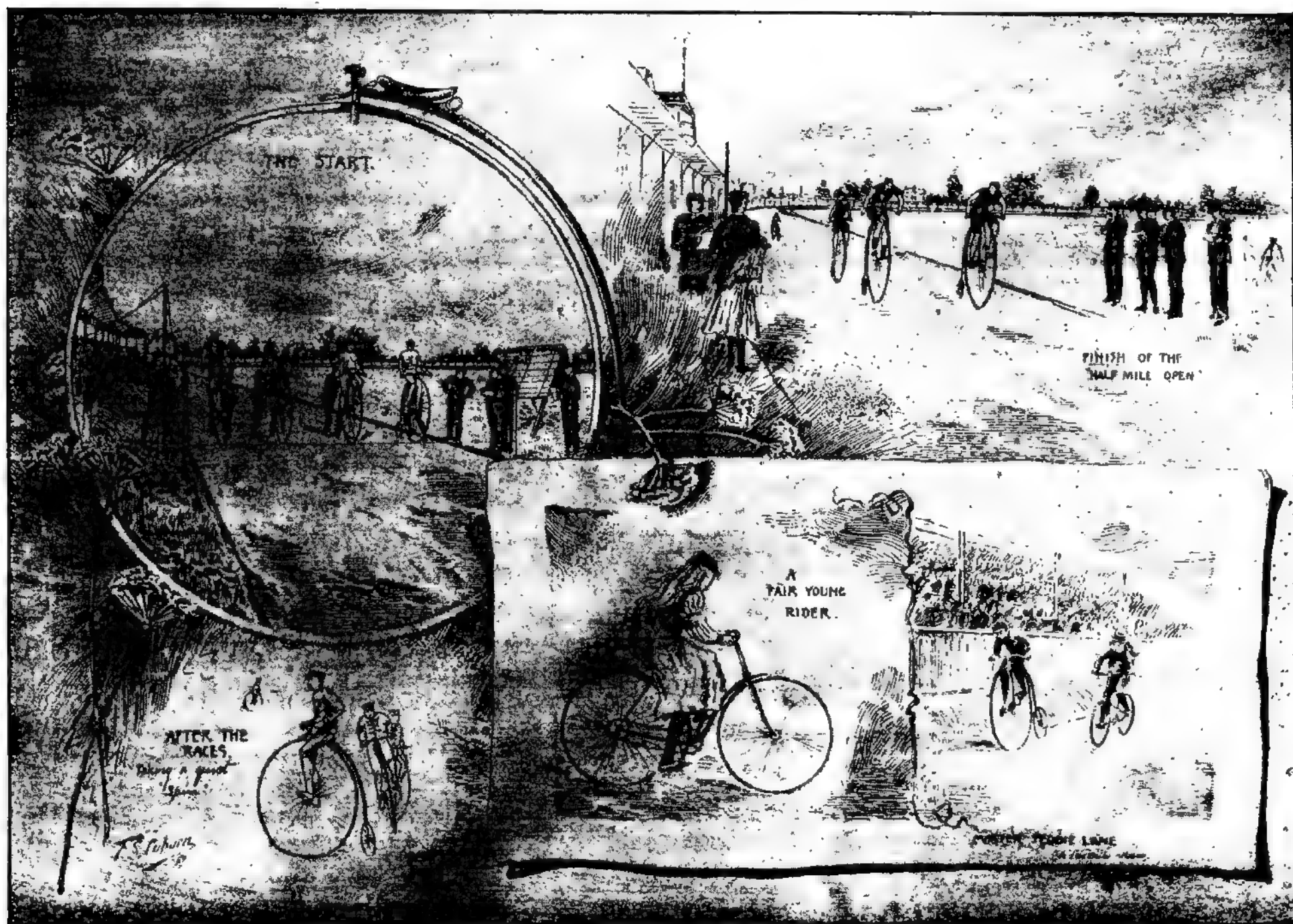
It was very dark and extremely chilly when we arrived at Banff at eleven o'clock at night, and we fully appreciated the warmth and comfort of the omnibus, with door and windows that would close and remain closed, which conveyed our party for a mile and a half up the excellent Government road that leads to the high knoll on which the Canadian Pacific Railway Company have erected the Banff Springs Hotel. The usual amount of whooping and backing, so indelibly associated with the universal omnibus, deposited us at the foot of a semi-circular flight of steps in an angle of the building, which struck me, even in the dark, as being a not very mild contrived entrance to an extensive summer hotel. Visions of the wide verandahs, Corinthian columns and stately porticoes that adorn all similar American resorts rose before me unbidden, with the irrepressible force of comparison. The approach to the Banff Springs Hotel is not, it must be admitted, imposing, but the architect, no doubt, cunningly laid his plan that the tourist might be the more effectually surprised when the narrow glass doors are flung open by the ever attentive porter, revealing a large hall, forty feet square, illuminated by artistic electric chandeliers, whose lights are reflected off the oiled and varnished woodwork with dazzling brilliancy, and inspire a sense of luxury and opulence that at once establishes the status of the institution. Glancing upwards from the centre of the hall, I saw three tiers of galleries, narrowing towards the top, and, bringing my eyes down again, noticed two enormous fireplaces on opposite sides of the square, capable of accommodating some of the big logs of the country, the warmth of which would have been very acceptable on that chilly midsummer night. Two angles of the hall, I further remarked, were taken off to form main entrances on the ground floor and alcoves above, while the staircases are concealed from view in the two remaining angles. From the hall two long corridors extend east and west. In one of these we were provided with an extremely lofty and equally well furnished bedroom, where we gladly sought a much needed repose.

MR. SLADEN'S TOUR.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, with Mrs. Sladen, their little boy and Miss Lorimer, left Montreal, where they have been the guests of Mrs. Robert Reid, on September 6 for Vancouver. Their first stepping off place will be Gananauque, where they will spend some days on her island with the Canadian poetess "Fidelis." Thence they will go to Toronto (and Niagara) and Owen's Sound to take steamer across Lake Huron and Lake Superior to Port Arthur for Winnipeg, where they are to stay with friends. En route from Winnipeg to Vancouver they will stop off at Banff, the Glacier House and North Bend, and make a digression from Calgary to the Piegan Indian reserve at Fort MacLeod. They will go on to Victoria, and return from Vancouver to Montreal by the cars all the way, stopping off for a few weeks at Ottawa. They will be at Montreal some little time in order to see the new snow-cutting machinery of the Canadian Pacific Railway working, which will maintain an average speed of twenty miles an hour over the most heavily drifted lines. Mr. Sladen will have to postpone the lecture tour arranged for him in Scotland till next year, for literary engagements in Canada.



MONTREAL vs. OTTAWA—SKETCHES AT THE LACROSSE MATCH.



SKETCHES AT THE MONTREAL BICYCLE RACES ON THE 24th AUGUST.



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Series XI.

By Mrs. Arthur Spence.

1 and 2. Up and down Kicking Horse Hill, sketched from a photo. 3. Running along the Columbia River, Westward.



It is best not to cover the floor of closets with woollen carpeting, for, as they are dark and quiet, moths and other vermin are more likely to collect there. Straw matting or oilcloth is more easily kept in order. Even heavy brown wrapping paper is not a bad substitute in closets little used.

REMEDY FOR HAY FEVER.—We give you the latest alleged remedy for hay fever. Try it and kindly report: Vapour of camphor and steam is recommended. The vapour is made to come in contact with the outer surface of the face, surrounding the nose by means of a paper cone placed with the narrow end downward in a vessel containing hot water and a drachm of coarsely powdered or shredded camphor. If this is continued ten or twenty minutes at a time, and repeated three or four times in as many hours, a cure is usually effected.—*Boston Cor. Herald of Health.*

HOW DIPHTHERIA IS CONTRACTED.—Diphtheria is contracted by inhalation of air containing the disease germs coming directly from the sick or from articles infected by them. It is also communicated by articles passing from mouth to mouth, such as cups, spoons and toys. The articles by which it is communicated may have become infected weeks before, and possibly at some locality quite remote. It is contracted by inhaling the air of sewers, cesspools, or any damp, foul, or ill-ventilated place in which the disease germs chance to have become planted. Children contract diphtheria much more readily than adults.

TO STRENGTHEN THE BACK.—Walking is the best exercise for strengthening a weak back. When a man says walking makes his back ache, as a remedy, let him walk. If he says it makes him tired, again we say, "Walk." If the simple act of walking gives a backache, it is evident that the back has not been strengthened by walking as it should be; consequently, walking is just what is needed. Certain gymnastic exercises are excellent, and so is deep, abdominal breathing. The majority of people do not use their backs enough. The first exercise of cadets—leaning forward until the finger tips touch the floor, while the knees are kept stiff—is excellent practice. Backs sometimes become muscle-bound, because they are not used enough.

THE WAY THAT PICTURES SHOULD BE HUNG.—Marring the walls of rooms with nail holes where pictures are to be hung is prevented by putting up a gilt or plain wooden moulding all around the room at a distance of several inches from the ceiling, according to the height of the walls. The moulding comes just below the frieze or top border of the wall. If it is not gilt it may be painted to match the woodwork of the room. If the walls are painted instead of papered the moulding may be painted of darker or contrasting colour. The pictures on the wall are suspended from this moulding by means of small brass fixtures that come for this use. Fine picture wire should be employed in place of the old fashioned cord, which catches dust, and is liable to become rotten or moth eaten and to give way under the weight of heavy pictures.

THE STAINING OF FLOORS EXPLAINED.—Stained and varnished floors are favoured by many people, and any one who feels a reluctance to put down again for the summer a hot and dust-giving carpet, will do well to try the following plan, which a good housekeeper says she has used successfully: "First I had all rough places planed off. Then I took some cherry stain bought ready mixed in a tin can, and put it on the floor with a wide paint brush, taking care to follow the grain of the wood. I put on two coats of the stain. When the last coat of stain was dry I varnished the floor with spar varnish, which is harder than most varnishes and does not scratch so easily. I put on two coats of this, letting the first dry hard before applying the second. The floor stands wear very nicely and looks well if revarnished once a year. I keep it clean by washing off with tepid water."

THE ARMADA OFF DEVON.

A SKETCH FOR A POEM AFTER TENNYSON'S "REVENGE,"
BY DOUGLAS B. W. SLADEN.

I.

"To Sea! the Spaniards follow me!"
So shouted Master Fleming, as he sprang on Plymouth Hoe,
Where Howard and Drake and Frobisher were waiting for the foe,
And playing the old English game in the grand old English way,
As though with foes upon them they had nought to do but play,
Till the foe was on their quarter with his fangs agape for slaughter,
Then like Hell's Incarnate devils bred to blood and fire for revels,
To turn and roar and rend in twain whoever dared the fray.

II.

"To Sea! and fight the Spaniards free!"
Rang half a score of voices; but our sturdy Francis Drake
Cried "We will not leave our game in doubt for any Spaniard's sake.
My Lord and Sirs, play on:
We have time enough, I trow, to play who wins this now
And afterwards to settle with the Don."

III.

So they finished in full their game, and to-day we treasure
its fame
'Mid the feats of light-hearted valour that have won our
England her name;
And we pray when it comes once more
For England to hold her breath, in the struggle of life and death,
That men may be ready to die with the smile on the lip
and eye,
Which has made these Armada heroes a proverb the wide
world o'er.

IV.

They played till the game was done, and the Man of
Victories won—
Our terrible Sir Francis, who had scourged the King of
Spain.
A Devon man was he, but bred in knightly Kent,
Where back through stormy centuries the tale of triumph
went,
To the days when men of Dover fell upon the Norman's
train,
And drove them heltering over to their native France again,
In the Saint-Confessor's reign.

V.

A wind rose in the night and roused the storm wave's might,
The Spaniard stretched full seven miles in span from left to
right,
And he cried in his pride, "Will these English dare to
fight?"

VI.

The wind blew up from the West, and on the breaker's
crest
His galleons rolled unsteady,
And his guns upon the lee damped their iron lips in the sea,
Till the captains were more ready
To run for port and anchor than a grim sea-fight to wage;
But on their weather gage
The little ships of England came scudding at their ease,
For they loved the narrow seas,
And they dreaded not the storm, which round the Rame's
dark form
Flung a shroud of misty white,
Till it loomed like a ghost at dead of night.

VII.

Would the English dare to fight? does the leopard fear to
leap
On the monstrous buffalo, as he crashes huge and slow,
Through jungle grasses deep to some wide river sweep,
When thirsty noon-hours glow?
Does the bull-dog shun the bull, as strong and angerful
As an elephant a-wrath?
Does the eagle flee the path
Of the swan
As it sails superbly on?
Nay. The buffalo shall reel 'neath the leopard's deadly
paws:
And the tall swan's back shall feel the eagle's cruel claws:
And the stately bulls of Seville shall make revel never-
more,
For the bold torreador.

VIII.

Would the English dare to fight? aye, to fight and to
attack;
And five ships heave into sight full upon the Spaniard's
track.
The admiral of England, and with him ships but four,
Upon the Spaniard's rear-guard their raking broadsides
pour,
Scudding all along the line, "Mother Mary, be it thine
To help thy faithful servants to lay hands upon these few
Who sting their sides so sorely, but whom, once within
their grasp,
They could, like a nettle, clasp and hew them through."

IX.

But the Virgin they besought to their prayers she heeded
nought:
And their cannon on the lee still were choking in the sea;
While their cannon on the weather turned their angry
mouths to heaven
And tore the air with fruitless pray'r
That the heretic might sink beneath their murder-laden
levin.
But the shot from their up-turned lips flew over the English
ships,
And the broad backs of the Spaniards, hulls of thirteen
hundred tons,
As they reeled beneath the gale, caught, like hillsides, all
the hail
Which rained from the nimble English guns.

X.

And they fled.
For the Spanish Admiral signalled from his towering main-
mast head,
"Close up the rear," and forthwith all up channel crowded
sail
And it chanced that our powder and our shot began to fail:
So they fled.

XI.

But a noble Capitana, as the galleons clasped together
In the cruel Channel weather,
Lost her topmast and her bowsprit, and lay crippled, like a
knight
Unhorsed in fight,
Entangled in his surcoat and o'erburdened with his plate,
And it fell to her to meet
The great Sir Francis Drake returning late
From chasing Flemish merchantmen in convoy of their
fleet.

XII.

"Now yield you," cried Sir Francis; but the Spaniard
answered, "Nay,
You shall grant us terms to-day.
For I am Pedro Valdez, and my men be twenty score,
All good fighters used to war, and of shot have goodly
store;
And the snapping of a bowsprit and the falling of a mast
Have not made our cannon dumb. We can welcome all
who come;
And our welcomes shall be lusty while they last.
Ye shall grant us terms to-day, or right dearly shall ye
pay."

XIII.

And Sir Francis answered plainly, "I am Drake,"
And the Spaniards yielded then for his name's sake,
Who had swept the Spanish main like an island hurricane
Since his fighting days began,
And who fought more like a devil than a man.

XIV.

That night the Capitana into Dartmouth safe was brought,
The first-fruits of the battle for our faith and freedom
fought,
And whoso of you wanders to the Abbey barn at Torre
May see the gloomy prison where, in brave old days of
yore,
The soldiers and the sailors of the great Armada lay
Till men marched them down to Plymouth—as a proof of
what I say.

THE CANUCK.

Mr. Ford Jones' canoe the Canuck, which is now
destined to gain even more than a continental
reputation, was put into the water about three weeks
ago. She was designed by M. Sauvé, the senior
member of the firm of Sauvé Bros., and is the third
craft of this class which has ever been out from their
shops. She is 15 feet 11½ inches over all, 29½
inches wide, 11 inches deep amidships, 15 inches
at the stern and 16 inches at the bow. Her cockpit is
4 feet 6 inches in length, the rest of her surface being
decked with mahogany. She is built of the best
Canadian cedar, in planks ¾ of an inch thick and
3 inches wide, copper fastened throughout, and with
sharp lines forward and full aft. She has two suits
of canvas, one for cruising, and the other for racing.
For the latter she carries a main mast 15 feet in
length, with dandy mast of 11 feet. On these she
spreads 110 square feet of canvas, and the fact that
she can stand up and make time under such a cloud is
proof sufficient that she has strength as well as
speed. Her cruising spars are 13 and 9 feet respec-
tively, and these are required to carry 84 square
feet of canvas. The sails are known as the bat-
wing, standing rig, and were designed and made by
M. Sauvé. The general impression prevails that she
is especially adapted for rough weather, but her per-
formance of Tuesday shows conclusively that she
is good for any wind that blows.—*Kingston Daily
News.*



IN MEMORIAM.

(J. F., Died July 6th, 1889.)

"Why weepst thou?" the Angel of the Lord
 Asked of the woman Mary, lingering near
 The empty Tomb—"Thy Master is not here
 For He is risen, fulfilled is His word."
 When from earth's bondage, like an uncaged bird,
 A white soul took its flight—with quickened ear,
 Quickened by grief, the watchers seemed to hear
 A voice, with pity for their anguish, stirred:

"Why weep ye? In my Father's House above
 Have I, his risen Lord, prepared his place,
 And now have brought him home; rest, peace and love
 In Paradise are his—there, every trace
 Of earth-born tears I tenderly remove
 With mine own Hand, from every ransomed face."

Montreal, Sept. 4th. HELEN FAIRBAIN.

CHERRYFIELD, Aug. 30th, 1889.

O Sympathetic Editor:

What boots singing? This is what the poet saith, when
 he sees his ideal floating away from him, as he vainly
 catches at her skirts, and she is gone—a faded shred re-
 maining. I have just ceased to copy a little song; and I
 think, as I look at it, I am foolish to send it, and you will
 be foolish to print it; but, of course, I should be sad if you
 didn't. So here goes: for we are doing mad things every
 day—and with it the last of four precious poems entrusted
 to me by Vivien, which may not be better than the others,
 but is better than mine. She ought to feel free to come to
 your shop now, if she ever will. But if I mourn the
 vanishing music, or groan because the matter-of-fact world
 trends hard on me, I catch a glimpse of—whom? Why it is
 Daphne, at the end of that wood-lane! Run, Apollo! or
 you will never catch her! How well Browning's lines in
 "Sordello" will fit on to that face!

Glance

The berry through, divine Apollo's choice,
 His Daphne!

How the tresses curled

Into a sumptuous swell of gold and wound
 About her like a glory! even the ground
 Was bright as with spilt sunbeams; breathe not, breathe
 Not!—poised, see, one leg doubled underneath,
 Its small foot buried in the dimpling snow,
 Rests but the other, listlessly below.
 O'er the couch-side swings feeling for cool air,
 The vein-streaks swollen a richer violet where
 The languid blood lies heavily; yet calm
 On her slight porch, each flat and outspread palm,
 As but suspended in the act to rise
 By consciousness of beauty, whence her eyes
 Turn with so frank a triumph, for she meets
 Apollo's gaze in the pine glooms.

But this would only fit in part, since you gave us but a
 face, and a fair face too; yet in the lines there's poetry,
 life, movement! And now step out of the way all you
 who have sour noses, for I am about to scatter some in-
 cense. I took that little gem right to my heart—that one
 about the children I mean, in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED
 of two weeks ago, and also the blind-girl poem, and that
 idyll of Mr. Murray's. Now I wish you would print more
 of the same kind when you have no better. And where is
 Arthur Weir? He gives us none of the songs we look for;
 and there are other silent ones we want roused up. Who's
 killed these Cock Robins? I hear there have been critics
 abroad. Be they sparrows?

I am happy to know that the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED
 is getting a fair foundation under it, and trust that it is being
 buttressed and walled up with a good permanent list of
 subscribers. Columbus found a way to make an egg stand
 on one end; and I have no doubt that you will find a way to
 make a good illustrated journal to flourish, rather than sub-
 sist, in Canada. That you may do this will be the aim and
 prayer of others besides.

PASTOR FELIX.

THE JOY OF INNOCENCE AND THE JOY OF REDEMPTION.

The hosts around th' eternal throne
 Began a louder song
 When, girt by Eden's flowery zone,
 Man joined th' adoring throng;
 When bowing lowly, pure and calm,
 On the unstained sod,
 The morning hymn, and evening psalm,
 Rose from his heart to God.
 O main song, too soon unsung!
 O folding clouds of doom!
 Where now sweet Innocence, and young,
 'Mid Eden's flowery bloom!
 But hark! clear Aunon notes above
 Th' angelic hymnings rise!
 The Ransomed sing Redeeming Love!—
 New Joy is in the skies!

Now sin and strife shall vex no more,
 And Joy's bright wing shall be
 In rainbow-beauty spread to soar
 Forever fresh and free:

Now nobler, sweeter, loftier strains
 May rise, from lips of ours,
 O'er Glory's "wide-extended plains,"
 Than once from Eden's bowers.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

RESURGAM.

How they so softly rest,
 All, all the silent dead,
 Unto whose dwelling place
 Now doth my soul draw near.

—Longfellow.

I.

Ah! why should we dread
 That quiet sleep
 Down, down in the deep
 Confines of earth,
 Where never a dream
 Can disturb the charm;
 And never a gleam
 Of the sun can warm
 Our lips into grief or mirth?
 What a tranquil rest
 For the eyes that weep,
 For the feet that keep
 Hurrying to and fro!
 What a pleasant home
 For those who come
 Homeless and cold.

To the yielding mold,
 From the ice, and frost, and snow!

II.

Dreamless slumber! perfect rest!
 Oh! God knoweth what is best!
 Weary wanderer, tired way,
 He will keep ye just as safe
 In the earth?

As amid the want, and blight,
 Hungry day, and hungry night,
 [Il] of land, and [il] of wave,
 From the womb unto the grave,
 On the earth!

Happy sleepers! happy dead!
 Warm, and quiet; clothed and fed;
 While we toil, and rave, and rush;
 In a peaceful, holy hush
 'Neath the still, calm.

Ye are waiting, still, and best!
 For a touch of God's right palm;
 When ye from the south and west,
 From the ocean's vast unrest,
 From each mound;

From the pit, where low and high
 Mingled by the plague-fiend lie;
 From the lowly pauper's patch,
 From the church where angels watch,
 Set in stone;

From the Alpine glacier, and
 The lost grave in Arctic land;
 From the fields where traitors sleep,
 From the fields where heroes keep
 Vigil lone;

From the north, and from the east,
 From the maw of jungle-beast;
 From the urn, and from the knife,
 Bursting into wondrous life,

How they come!

Scattered dust, and scattered bone,
 Burnt upon the Druid-stone;
 Burnt and tortured at the stake,
 For the gentle Saviour's sake;
 How they come!

Thou—thou tiny thing, who'er
 Moved, or breathed, come now, and bear
 Life immortal! Come, and know
 Of a God who watched thee grow
 In that home

Underneath the mother-herd;
 Even thou, we thing! thou art
 Precious to the Maker,—see!
 Yon white soul who waits for thee!
 How they come!

III.

Nought He has made is lost.
 Ah! how the bones unite
 Under His touch
 Women we loved, and gave
 Unto the greedy grave;
 Children who at the breast
 Stiffened, and went to rest;
 Rising, burst into such
 Glorious being! Freed
 From all early stains,
 From all mortal pains,—
 Spurning the earth and sea,
 Happy dead! happy dead!
 Why should we mortals dread
 That tranquil sleep, which is
 Only the gate to bliss,
 Beauty eterne, and God!

VIVIEN.



"NONE but the brave deserve the fair." And even the
 brave can't live with some of 'em.

ARDENT lover: Will you marry me, Helen? Young
 widow: No, George, I think not. And why? Well, you
 see, I love you, and I want to continue to love you.

DOCTOR: I see just what's the matter with you. You
 need something strengthening. Eat a plate of oatmeal,
 boiled, every morning for breakfast. Patient: I do, doctor.
 Doctor (equal to the occasion): Then leave it off.

FATHER: So you have been studying grammar. Then
 perhaps you can tell me the difference between the regular
 and irregular verbs. Paul: Oh, yes. You get a good deal
 more bad marks on the irregulars than on the regulars.

KNOW WHAT HE WANTED.—"Is there anything I can
 do for you?" asked Mrs. Cumso, tenderly, when her hus-
 band was suffering from sea sickness. "What do you
 want?" "I want the earth," gasped Cumso, as he again
 leaned over the rail.

TED was invited out to tea with his mother one day, and
 among other dainties a saucer of orange gelatine was set
 before him. It was a new dish to the little fellow and he
 eyed it disparagingly a minute, then said, very politely: "If
 you please 'em, thank you. I rather guess you can have it
 back—it keeps wagging so!"

CIVILITIES BETWEEN DEAR FRIENDS.—Miss Garling-
 house, dining with her friend (sweetly): What perfectly
 lovely coffee you make, Laura! I don't think I ever tasted
 any that was just—just exactly like it, you know. Miss
 Kajones (still more sweetly): I always use genuine coffee.
 So glad you like it, Irene, dear.

HE: My dear Miss Angel, will you not partake of just a
 little pale, pink cream and one bonbon, which I fear will
 not be so exquisite as you are accustomed to in Boston?
 She: What a break! I'm not from Boston. I live in
 Kansas City. He: Well, I'm a fish! Here, waiter,
 bring us a double order of pork chops and some turnips
 with the peeling on.

NOT FOR SPORT.—Grocer (to clerk): What are you
 doing there, Henry? Henry: I am picking the dead flies
 out of these dried currants. Grocer: You just let 'em
 alone. Do you suppose that I am running this business for
 fun? Do you think that I come down here early at morn-
 ing and toil all day just for the spirit of the thing? You
 let those flies alone.

MAMMA'S EXACT WORDS.—Willie (regretfully): I'd like
 just awfully to kiss you, Gracie, but I spect it wouldn't do.
 You know your mamma said you mustn't never kiss the
 boys. Gracie: Yes, that's what she said. I'm member just
 as well. She says to me, she says: "Gracie, don't you
 ever let me see you kissin' the boys." Mamma, she's gone
 over to Mrs. Bilby's.

It is asserted that swine have so much fat over their
 nerves that they can hardly feel pain. This accounts for
 the serenity of the railroad hog. You are pained to see him
 make a hog of himself, but now that we know that he feels
 no pain himself, we extend to him our hearty congratula-
 tions. If ever we feel for him hereafter it will be with a
 club.—Boston Transcript.

A YOUNG man, with a glass eye, took summer holidays
 in Aberdeen, and was to share his bed with another lodger.
 The first night he happened to be home before his bedfellow
 and was sound asleep in bed when that individual arrived.
 His bedfellow, on observing this, was heard to remark:
 "I'm dootin' I'll have to shift my quarters, for I can never
 think o' lyin' wi' a fellow who sleeps wi' ae e'e an' watches
 wi' the ither."

HE WASN'T BASHFUL.—Mrs. Prim: Good morning,
 Tommy. Did your mother send you to? Tommy (aged
 eight): No'm. I thought I would like to make a call.
 Mrs. Prim: That is very nice, I am sure. But you mustn't
 be bashful on your first call. Can't you raise your eyes
 from the carpet? Tommy: Oh, I'm not bashful, but
 mother says your carpet is so ugly it makes her sick to look
 at it, and I thought I would come in and try it myself.

"NELLIE," said the mother to her four-year-old little
 one, who was sitting quietly in a distant corner of the
 room, "what are you doing?" "Drawing a picture on
 my slate," replied Nellie. "A picture?" rejoined the
 mother, glancing over her shoulder. "Yes, and a pretty
 one." "What is it?" "It's my kitty," said Nellie.
 "But it looks more like a tree!" "Yes, I made it so that
 my left hand wouldn't know what my right hand done.
 And I guess it don't, do you?"

A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT.—He was a hardfaced
 working man, and he wanted to have his wife's portrait
 taken. While the photographer was arranging his camera
 the husband sought to give some advice to the companion
 of his life regarding her pose. "Noo then, Betty," he
 said, "be shair and keep yer face strach an' no' be
 laughin'." Think seriously or ye'll spile the pictur'.
 Remember that yer father is in prison, an' that yer bither
 has had to compound wi' his creditors, an' jist try to
 imagine what wid he become o' if I hadna taen pity
 on ye." If Betty didn't look serious after that it certainly
 wasn't his fault.



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parations offered by unscrupulous traders
for the sake of increased profit.



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are
open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office
in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the home-
steader desires, he may, on application to the Minister
of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Domi-
nion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one
near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be per-
formed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during
which period the settler may not be absent for more
than six months in any one year without forfeiting the
entry.
2. Residence for three years within two miles of the
homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to
application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habi-
table house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken
the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the
second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop
the second year, and 25 acres the third year.
3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two
years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second
cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres,
also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited
if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two
years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must
reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six
months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead
inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat
or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the
Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his
intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Ap-
pelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immi-
grants will receive, at any of these offices, information
as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the
officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance
in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead
patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned
by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon applica-
tion for patent made by him prior to the second day of
June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under
control of the Dominion Government, lying between the
eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast,
should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department
of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commis-
sioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.